THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 74. PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 15

AS ONE.

BY M. A. K.

Why so shame-faced, pretty pair,
Walking through the garden fair,
In the shadows, in the sun,
With your hearts that beat as one?

Do you fear the peering eyes,
And the tongues so worldly wise?
Blest ones! wheresoe'er you move,
Never be ashamed of love.

Go your way, still hand in hand,
Happiest twain in all the land,
Just as much as if no two
Ever felt this love but you.

Do not care for peering eyes,
True love needeth no disguise;
Good as gold 'twill ever prove—
Never be ashamed of love.

A WIFE'S PERIL

—OR—

THE PRICE OF HER SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE "TIMES" FOR JUNE AND JULY.

AFTER much reading she mastered it—this history of the lawsuit. She resolutely tried to forget the horror that lay in the same pages. She forced the color back to her white face and lips; she made her hands cease their terrible trembling.

"I hold my secret, and my life with it, in my own hands," she said to herself; everything depends now on my own nerve and strength."

The rosy fire-light was playing on her beautiful face and rich dress of violet velvet—a face which, almost by magic, recovered its natural calm when Lord Arden entered the room. His face brightened when he saw her head bent over the journals.

"How good you are, Alice, to wade through all that," he said; "I will come and help you. Have you read it all?"

She was able to raise to his a face that had in it attention, intelligence, and interest; nothing more.

"I understand it perfectly," she said; "and I think, Leo, that your lawyers have advised you most sensibly. You must fight it out, or you will have no right of road left on the estate at all."

"That is your real opinion, Alice?"

"I am quite certain of it," she replied; and the earl took the papers from her hands. He read here and there, turning the sheets at his will and pleasure. She was preparing for it; steeling her heart against the anguish with which she must hear the words from her lips. He would utter them presently, and he would most surely look at her as he did so.

Could she keep those trembling lips of hers from turning so white? Could she so far keep her fear and dread in check as not to cry out with dread and horror?

"Oh! Heaven help me!" she prayed in her inmost heart. "I have kept my secret so far, let me keep it to the end."

The moment had come, yet she neither swooned nor died. She saw him turn the great sheets of paper; she saw him read something of apparent interest, then he turned suddenly to her. She felt as though a revolver had been at her heart.

"Alice," he said, with some little excitement in his voice, "did you ever hear of this case?"

It seemed to her that some other voice answered—

"What case, Leo?"

"A case that happened some years ago; it was called 'The Mystery of Colde Fell;'" and the words as they fell from the lips she loved, did not, as she had thought they would, strike her dead.

"I have not been a great newspaper reader," she said, gently, "and I have lived in France."

"This case was known all over Europe," said Lord Arden; "there was no country, I think, in which it was not fully discussed."

He seemed waiting for her to speak.

"What case was it?" she said, wondering at the dulled sound of her own voice, wondering how long her strength would last.

"A poisoning case," he replied, "one of the most famous in Europe. You do not remember it, I see; probably you never read of it. I do not as a rule read such things, or am seldom interested in a murder case; they are generally vulgar; but this one had in it every element of sensational romance."

She spoke truthfully when she said that she knew no romance of the kind.

"What was it?"

"A horrible case," he told her; "a young wife—so young as to be like a beautiful child—poisoned her husband."

She could not help the pallor of her face and the shaking of her hands, as she said:

"Why?"

"I hardly think she knew herself 'why,'" he replied. "I should say, from the evidence, that it was because she never liked him, and was tired of him."

"Was she found guilty?" asked Lady Arden.

"No," replied the earl. "She was guilty, I honestly believe; but the jury must have taken compassion on her youth and beauty, for they gave the old Scotch verdict of 'Not proven.'"

"It was in Scotland, then?" she said, faintly.

"Yes, near the town of Ardrossan. It was known everywhere as the Colde Fell Mystery. I should think the newspapers never had such a time before or since as while this trial lasted."

"Poor child!" she said, pityingly.

"Yes, it was very sad—she was so young; and although she seemed never to have liked him, he was not a bad husband to her. It only showed the horrible depravity of her nature!"

"Do you think she was guilty, then?" she took the courage to ask.

"Do I?" he replied. "Most certainly 'yes.' I never had two doubts on the subject. At the same time, although I most honestly believe her guilty, I am heartily glad the jury found as they did. To my idea, hanging a woman is an outrage on human nature—I am glad she escaped that."

She could have caught his hands in her own and have covered them with kisses and tears, even for these kindly words. Her heart almost ached with gratitude.

"How did people know that she was guilty?" asked Lady Arden; and by this time her voice was perfectly under her own control.

"Her husband accused her as he lay dying; he cried out that she had done it. As a rule, I should say, never read criminal trials; it is a morbid taste; but I say, read this one, for it is a sensational romance. You will find the whole of the trial here; it is called 'The Mystery of Colde Fell.'"

She took the paper from his hands, without trembling this time; for the old, passionate, hot sense of indignation was rising within her—burning anger against the cruelty of the world which had falsely accused and persecuted her.

"She may have been innocent," she remarked.

"I do not think it possible; dying men do not make rash charges of murder; her husband loved her well enough to have shielded her. I never read anything more pathetic than the story of her marriage."

Ah! if he knew! Great Heaven! if he knew!

"Appearances are so often deceitful," said Lady Arden, in a low voice.

"There was no deceit in this case," answered the earl. "As I read the paper day after day, I said to myself, 'This is a second Marchioness of Brinvilliers, a young and beautiful woman, but a secret poisoner.'"

"Oh, horrible!" she cried. "It is too horrible!"

"It would seem so to you, my gentle darling. What can you know of the sins and sorrows of a wicked world? And you never shall know them while my love shields you. Nay, love, do not look so despondent. I ought not to have spoken to you of this horrible case. You are not of the same world and fashion as a woman like this, my Alice. You could not understand such a nature."

He clasped the beautiful figure in his arms, and kissed the sweet face.

"My wife!—my darling!" said the earl. "Yours is not the same nature; you do not even understand sin; you do not live in the same world."

"But, Leo," she said, in a broken voice and with eyes dim with unshed tears, "you say she was a child; you see her story haunts me; only a beautiful young child——"

"But a murderess all the same," he interrupted. "I think every one agreed that she was guilty, although there was a general sense of relief at the verdict. I read every word of the defense, and I never wavered for one moment in believing her guilty."

The fire-light played over her beautiful face, over the white hands, that she had folded and laid as though praying, on her breast, on the rich folds of the violet velvet and the rich ornaments of gold. She had looked up at him timidly, as though she had been pleading for some one else rather than for herself.

"Do you not think you are rather hard on this poor girl, Leo?" she asked. "You, who are always so kind and chivalrous to women?"

"To women, yes," replied the earl; "but I can hardly think of a murderess as a woman. She was guilty, Alice! Heaven itself in some measure proved her to be so!"

"How?" she asked, trembling in spite of the clasp that held her so tightly.

"I wonder why we are discussing this wretched story?" he answered, somewhat irrelevantly. "How? did you ask me, Alice? There is an old belief prevalent amongst the superstitious that a ship with a murderer or a murderess on board must sink. This miserable girl—I forget her name—she changed it, and took a false one—set sail in a steamer bound for New York, and the ship was lost at sea. People said that the judgment of Heaven had found her on the deep waters, although she had escaped it on dry land!"

"Then she was drowned?" sighed Lady Arden.

"Yes, she was drowned, and I think no death ever made a greater sensation."

"Drowned and dead," said Lady Arden, "yet in the minds of men her ill deeds live after her."

"Do not talk about it any more, Alice," said Lord Arden. "You are too sensitive, you tremble like a leaf. Do not read it; you cannot stand such a dose of horrors. Forget all about it, and come for a drive with me."

He would take no denial. The cold, bracing air and the bright frost would do her good, he said; she must come. He was full of contrition when he saw her pale, tired face.

"I must be mad," he said to himself, "to talk to a sensitive, refined, delicate lady like Alice of such a horrible thing. I will keep all horrors away from her for the future; she shall never hear of them again."

He took her for a drive through the pine forest and she recovered from her fear. That same evening they discussed the lawsuit, and the papers were sent away.

It was over then, the ordeal that she dreaded; nothing like it could ever happen again.

She was safe now. If she could pass through this and not betray herself, there was no fear for the future. She was secure now. She could enjoy her love and her happiness now without any drawback!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AT ST. JAMES'S COURT.

May came and with its sweet burden of lilacs and laburnums, and the earl decided on going to London for the rest of the season. He had tried to tear himself away in April, but he could not; the tender young leaves, the springing grass, the primroses half hidden in the woods, the violets so shyly hiding in the grass; the lark beginning his rich clear song, were all temptations greater than he could resist. May was even more beautiful, but then he was compelled to go in May, for the head of a noble family has social duties which must be fulfilled.

"You will be the fairest woman at Court, my love," said the earl. "You will bring honor and renown to the grand old name of Arden."

She would not have been a true woman if she had been indifferent to the splendor that surrounded her, the magnificence that awaited her. London had no grander mansion than Adrian House; the earl had determined that it should be a fitting shrine for his beautiful idol. The whole mansion had been refurnished and decorated in the most luxurious fashion. It was said that no house in London was more completely and perfectly fitted. It was a model for all others; every modern improvement that art, science, or money would invent, was there.

"When the season is over," said Lord Arden, "I will take you to Cowes. I think the villa there is the most beautiful spot in all the world. You must see all my possessions, Alice; you must go to Loch Fyne."

"It seems a curious thing to have four homes," she said. "Which of them do you like best?"

"Arden Towers, a thousand times over," he replied; "but I have a great attachment to the rest; and you, Alice, must love them for my sake."

"I love everything for your sake, Leo," she said, "and nothing for itself."

As he kissed her beautiful face, he said to himself there was no such loving wife as his.

No woman could help being delighted. Such a Court dress, such jewels as Lady Arden had were seldom seen. The news that Lord Arden's beautiful wife was to be presented at the first Drawing-room in May had reached all circles. Rumor said she was the loveliest woman that had been seen for many years at the Court of St. James.

When she stood before the earl in all the

pride and splendor of her Court costume, he kissed her hands.

"I must render my homage," he said, proudly, the most devoted of lovers to the fairest of queens, "I am proud of my wife," he said: and from him these words meant a great deal. All the fashionable papers had the same paragraph—

"The Countess of Arden, on her marriage, by the Duchess of Glendoon."

Then followed a long description of her dress, the most exquisite present; of her diamonds, the rarest; of her beauty, which was peerless! She had reached the climax of all greatness. She had kissed the gentle hand of her liege lady the queen; it was even said that her most gracious majesty had smiled in kindly approbation on the fairest lady she saw that day. From the royal circle there had been a smile of welcome and murmur of admiration.

And then the whole world seemed to fall at her feet; invitations were lavished upon her; she was bidden to royal balls and concerts, she was invited to the most exclusive houses, she became the queen of the season; no party, or ball was considered complete without her; wherever she went, people crowded to see her. If the beautiful Countess of Arden were present at the opera, people watched her more closely than they did those who occupied the stage. If she went to a ball, people went to look at her. As for admirers half the best men in London were at her feet; but she had neither eyes nor thought for any one but her husband—and that was perceptible to every one.

Safe, well, and happy beyond words! There were times when she asked herself why so strange an experience of life had been sent to her?—why that terrible tragedy had fallen to her lot?—why she had been tortured and persecuted? It could not be for any sin she had committed—any wrong that she had done in her life. The worst action of her life had been marrying Angus Graham Blair without loving him, and even that she had done to save her father.

"I may rest now," she said to herself. "I have suffered for years, and now my sorrows and troubles are ended. I have nothing to dread, nothing to fear. It is seldom that one can so completely change one's own identity as never to be found out. I am Alice, Countess of Arden. Who shed a tear, I wonder, over the death of Hester Blair?"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A BLOCK IN THE STREETS.

"THE clasp of my diamond necklace is broken, Leo," said Lady Arden, "and I shall want it this evening. We are going to the State ball at Buckingham Palace. Hunt & Roskell would repair it quickly: there is not much the matter with it. It was bought there, was it not?"

"Yes. I would take it for you, Alice, but I have an engagement with Captain Temple."

"I will take it," said Lady Arden. "I have several little commissions to-day. I must go to Madame Elise. I will order the carriage for eleven o'clock," and in her whole life she never uttered more fatal words.

It was breakfast time then, and Lord Arden persuaded his wife to give up all other engagements.

"I want you to look your most beautiful, your brightest and best at the palace to-night," he said; "do not tire yourself, as many other ladies of fashion do, by going to half a dozen places beforehand."

A drive to Messrs. Hunt & Roskell's, looking at some of the finest jewels in the world, would not hurt her, and a visit to chic Mme. Elise was like an elixir.

The carriage was ordered at eleven, and Lady Arden started on her mission. The May morning was bright and lovely; she herself was looking her fairest! her heart was light, her spirits high. She wore one of Worth's most bewitching costumes—a pale-gray velvet that fitted her like a glove, and a small bonnet to match, with rich plumes of the same color.

As that perfectly appointed carriage drove through the streets, many looked with admiring and many with envious eyes at the beautiful woman who reclined so gracefully therein; so she drove on through the sunlight, fair as a dream, all unconscious of the horrible shadow that was drawing nearer and darker.

All at once the carriage stopped in a narrow street, and for some moments Lady Arden sat in silence, wondering what was the matter.

Then one of the footmen told her it was a block in the street, and it would be five or six minutes before they could go on. The coachman asked if he should drive back and go round some other way; but my lady, to her lasting regret, said that it did not matter—she was in no hurry, and it was no great hardship to sit in that lovely May sunlight.

Then, as always happens in London, seeing that the street was already blocked, a crowd collected—men, women and children—and the chief centre of attraction was the beautiful lady in the carriage; a motley crowd such as always gathers in the busy streets of London; few respectable people, a great many children, little girls carrying huge babies, all eyes eagerly fixed on the fair face and the costly dress; and my lady smiled on them, the little ragged crowd. She sat there, fair and radiant, the center of observation, smiles on her lips and in her eyes, no thought of coming evil in her heart—nothing but brightness and happiness.

When, suddenly and unperceived, a man joined the crowd—not a young man nor an old one; a man bearing the marks of strong drink on his face, with bleared eyes and trembling hands. He was dirty and ill-clad; he had the aspect of a man who had given himself up to drink; he was smoking a short, dirty pipe, and looked up and down, evidently anxious to see what was wrong. He did not at first notice the lady or the carriage, but turned to his nearest neighbor.

"What is the matter, mate?" he asked. And the answer he got was:

"Some of them blessed gas-pipes gone wrong again. Carriages and people will be over each other's heads directly."

At the word carriage the man with the short pipe turned his eyes to the carriage, and kept them there—kept them on that fair face, his own growing wider and deeper with wonder; the pipe fell from his hands; he did not even know when his neighbor addressed him; he was looking with wondering, staring eyes at the lady in the carriage.

A beggar went up to her with a professional whine; she dropped some silver in the woman's hands. Two or three flower-girls, attracted by the lovely face, gathered round her with baskets filled with primroses and violets; she bought them with smiles.

"She is so pretty," said one another "I would give her my flowers for nothing."

And all this time the man's eyes never left her.

There was a stir in the crowd, and the carriage advanced a few steps. The man went with it, still looking with wild eyes at the lady's face.

"I know her!" he said to himself. "She has risen from the dead! I should have known her if I had not seen her again till the Day of Judgment. I know her now."

Some little child in the crowd cried out, and the lady in the carriage bent her beautiful head with an air of compassion, while the man looked at her still.

"I never saw her look like that though! I never saw her smile. I saw her defiant and angry; I saw her indignant and contemptuous. I saw her pallid with misery—hunted and wretched—under the shadow of the scaffold; but I never saw her smile! Yet I should know her, had it been thirty years since they said that she was dead!"

Again there was a stir, and the carriage went forward a pace, he went with it, and by accident, as the lady's beautiful eyes wandered idly over the crowd, they fell full on his. She noted the bleared eyes, the unwholesome face, the short pipe, and felt a slight shudder of disgust, but no dawn of recognition came into her face, for the next minute her glance had wandered from him.

"It is she!" he said; "if no one else recognizes her, I do; she could never cheat eyes like mine. I remember every trick of her face, the white eyelids, the long lashes, like a dark fringe! the lovely little mouth, that was like nothing so much as a cloven rose—it had different lines round it then—and the hair, that curled like grape vines! I should know her dead, and I know her living. No disguise that she could ever wear would hide her from me. And they said she was dead; perhaps she herself said it first, and planned it! She was too beautiful to die; such women as Hester Blair do not die."

Then the carriage moved on, but slowly, because the crowd was great; he followed it, until it stood before the door of the great jewelers. He watched the graceful figure as she alighted.

"I must know what she calls herself now," he said, with an evil smile. "I am sure that it is Hester Blair!"

He watched the luxurious carriage, the fine pair of horses, the well-trained servants.

"How has she come by these?" he said. "Are they her own? She had money, I know, but I heard she had never claimed it."

One of the footmen left his place for some object or other. The man hid his dirty pipe in his hands, and made a most obsequious bow.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said to the footman. "I ought not to make so free, but in time past I was a good judge of horses, and had plenty to do with them. I do not know that I ever saw a finer pair than these, so well matched. May I ask to whom they belong?"

Flattered even by this rough praise, the man answered:

"They belong to the Earl of Arden."

"The Earl of Arden," repeated the man with the dirty pipe. "Would you mind telling me if that very beautiful lady who went into the shop just now is his wife?"

"That lady was the Countess of Arden," the footman replied; but he spoke distantly this time; it would not do to encourage this sort of thing.

Well satisfied with her interview with the jewelers, Lady Arden had left the place, still with a smile, and the stranger's baleful eyes followed her.

He went to a stationer's shop and asked for a London directory. He found what he wanted—the address:

"Earl of Arden, Arden House, Piccadilly."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A THUNDER-BOLT.

LORD ARDEN had gone to his wife's boudoir to discuss the State ball with her. She was tired, and had declined to go down to breakfast.

She was to be taken care of this morning, because she was tired, because she had charmed princes, and peers had hung on her smiles. She had been the belle of the royal ball, and it was sweet to remember her conquests.

Adele, who understood her mistress, who knew all her likes and dislikes, had brought a little stand to her side; on it she placed the matchless little service of Sevres which had once gladdened the eyes of poor Marie Antoinette; there was a roll light and dainty, as though a fairy had made it and a fairy hand to eat it; a dish of grapes and another of peaches, for my lady loved luscious fruits. Adele poured out the fragrant tea; the wind, laden with the sweet odor of the lilacs, gently raised my lady's hair.

"How fresh and beautiful the morning is," she said, and Adele smiled to herself as she remembered that it was nearly noon.

"What a picture of dainty luxury!" cried the earl, as he entered the room. "I am sorry you are tired, Alice. I thought suns never grew tired of shining."

"I am not a sun," she answered.

"You are a bright particular star, and you never shone so brightly as last night. I was so proud of you!"

And she was happy that just then she remembered no reason why he should not be proud of her. She felt what she had seldom done before: a certain glow of self-complacency and of delight in her wonderful beauty.

So they talked happily, and for the last time with no shadow between them. Adele went away, and Lord Arden sat by his wife's side. She looked up at him with a dreamy smile.

"Do you know, Leo, what is haunting me?" she asked.

"No, my darling. You have so many bright and beautiful fancies, how can I tell which holds you now!"

"It is the lilac-trees as they stand at Arden. Do you remember a great, tall group by the white gate which leads to the river, purple and white? The buds were just beginning to form when we came away, now they will be in full bloom. Can you fancy the sunlight on them this morning and the shining drops left from the dew last night?"

"Yes, I can fancy them," said the earl, with a dreamy smile. "How well you love Arden, Alice."

"How well I ought to love it, Leo; it is like Paradise to me."

"Without the serpent," he said.

"Ah, yes," she answered, "there is no serpent at beautiful Arden, but there is a lordly 'Adam.'"

"And there is a beautiful Eve, a gracious consort. There will never be a serpent in our home, Alice."

"Never," she answered, with loving eyes.

Then the earl looked at his watch.

"I must leave you, Alice," he said; "I have an engagement at one. I shall be at home for luncheon at two. Lord Morne is coming with me. I hope you will be better, and able to come down; he is so anxious to see you."

"I am well, Leo! I am only tired!" she replied. "I shall be down."

Lord Arden laughed as he added:

"I am almost jealous of all these princes and royal dukes, Alice, I shall not be quite sorry when the season ends and I have you all to myself again."

"Nor shall I!" she said, and she laid her tender arms round his neck. She kissed him with loving lips, as she never kissed him again.

"We are lovers still, darling Alice!" he said, caressingly.

"Yes," she answered, "lovers still, and always shall be."

"Always, my queen!" he said, as he left her.

Suddenly she cried to him:

"Leo! I forgot! Are there any more letters for me?"

"Yes; more than a dozen," he replied, "they are on the library table; I will send them to you. Good-bye, my queen!"

"Good-bye!" she said, and once more he kissed the face that he was never to see so bright or so beautiful again.

Three minutes afterwards a footman came to the door; a whole packet of letters lay on a silver salver.

"Place them here," said my lady; she was almost unwilling to break that happy, dreamy reverie of hers; but they must be read and answerd.

The first seal she broke was that of a letter from the Duchess of Glendoon, who was giving a grand fancy ball. "I will call to-day," she wrote, "and we will discuss the matter of costumes."

Lady Arden laid it down, with a sigh and a smile of satisfaction.

The next was from Lady Helen Gordon, asking her, to join in a picnic to Virginia Water.

"That," said Lady Arden to herself, "I shall like better than the Fancy ball."

The third was from Mme. Elise, saying that she had received some magnificent costumes from Worth, and would like Lady Arden to see them first.

The fourth was a royal invitation to a State concert.

"We shall have engagements enough," said Lady Arden.

The fifth was merely a tradesman's circular; the sixth—ah, well, she had no more.

The sixth was a letter, the outside of which surprised her. The envelope was not clean, and most certainly it had the odor of tobacco.

Tobacco! Why, who dared to send her such an envelope as that?

The writing was not very clear, and there was a blot on the front.

She opened it, as unconscious as a dreaming child; she bent the soiled page, so as to read it the more easily. It began:

"My Lady Arden." It was with difficulty she could decipher the words.

"A begging letter, evidently," she said to herself.

"MY LADY ARDEN,—I know you. I saw you to-day in New Bond Street: I watched you steadily for some time, and I knew you—I recognized you! All the world may believe you dead; I know you to be living. I should have known you in any guise and in any place. It may be that your beautiful eyes never rested on me so as to remember me, but I, although infinitely below you, dared to love you. You blinded and dazzled me even as does the sun, but I loved you—and I know your secret.

"When I heard of your supposed death, when it was told to me that you, passing by the name of Annie Malcolm, had set sail for America, and had been drowned at sea, I fell down in a dead swoon.

"I have gone to the bad ever since; but I know you, Hester Blair—proud, queenly, beautiful—I know you!

"I have sworn to myself that I will look into your face, that I will hold your hands in mine. I have sworn it, and I will keep my oath!

"Hester Blair, if you are a wise woman you will comply with my request. You will meet me where and when you will. You can make your own terms with me over your secret; I have no wish to reveal it. It may be as safe for the future as it has been in the past; but you must not trifle with me. You must meet me!

"You will answer my letters; address 'Adam Ramsay, The Chequers' Inn, Clerkenwell.' I shall not leave the house until I hear from you; write at once. You need have no fear; I have no intention of betraying your secret; it will die with me as it will die with you, but—I want its price! I am your ladyship's obedient servant, "ADAM RAMSAY."

If this letter had been a living serpent,

with forked tongue ready to strike her, she could not have looked at it with more terrified eyes. She had grown deadly pale; her heart beat with a sense of suffocation.

"Oh, Heaven!" she cried, in the depths of agony, "Help me! Save me now at the last!"

The blow was so sudden, so horrible, that she could not realize it. It was a thunderbolt which had fallen in the midst of brilliant sunlight; fallen when she had least looked for it, least expected it; fallen just as she had reached the height of her love, her happiness, and her triumph. Cold drops of agony gathered on her brow. In one minute the brightness, the brilliancy of her beauty had vanished; in one moment the lovely Lady Arden had disappeared. On the downy pillows crouched a haggard, wretched woman, beating the air with her hands, crying out to Heaven to help her—prostrate, helpless, almost dying, a woman who moaned out that life had been too cruel; better death ten thousand times.

A woman who rose from the couch and paced the room with her white arms flung aloft, her eyes wild, her face terrible to see—crying with piteous words that Heaven would help her and save her.

Then, seizing the hateful letter, and seeming to tear the words from it—"Adam Ramsay." Who was Adam Ramsay? She had never even heard the name. Who was he who had dared to call her Hester Blair—who had dared to raise his presumptuous eyes to her face and say that he loved her?

Who dared to send her a dirty letter redolent of tobacco smoke, from a low place called The Chequers' Inn? What could a man who lived in such a place know of her?

She meet him! Her face burned with indignation. She, the Countess of Arden, the beloved, cherished wife of the noblest earl in England, go to meet a man from The Chequers' Inn, Clerkenwell!

Yet she was in his power; he held her secret as he held her life in his hands!

What should she do? She flung herself on her knees and raised her weeping eyes to Heaven; she prayed a piteous prayer. What must she—what could she do?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN REGENT'S PARK.

OVER and over again Lady Arden asked herself that terrible question: "What should she do?" and no answer came to her, no thought, no ray of light, no idea; there was nothing before her but blank, unutterable despair. She read and reread her letter. She could not tell who Adam Ramsay was, but evidently he was a man of determination, a man who would insist on the cost of her secret.

Time was flying! What was she to do? Her husband would be back with Lord Morne at two, and it was now past twelve. Could she, crushed, despairing, battling with anguish more bitter than death, could she be beautiful, brilliant and ready to charm his friend? A thousand times no. She would get to her room as well as she could, then ring for Adele, and excuse herself.

To reach her room was like finding a haven of rest; but she started back when from the great mirrors her own image flashed back upon her. Great Heaven, where was the beauty that princes had smiled upon? Was this white, haggard woman, with the hunted look in her wild eyes, Alice, Countess of Arden?

She sunk into the depths of any easy-chair, prostrate—her brain whirling, her head aching, her limbs trembling.

"And I thought myself so safe!" she said, with a shuddering sigh—"so safe, and so happy."

Then, with eager, desperate fingers she tore the letter into shreds. No fear that she should forget that address: "Adam Ramsay, Chequers' Inn, Clerkenwell;" it was burned in on her brain. It was some little relief when that was done.

She rang for Adele; she must account for her changed appearance in some way. But when the maid entered the room she looked shocked at the face of her mistress.

"What is the matter, my lady?" she cried. "You look very ill."

"That is why I rang for you. I am ill; I have a nervous headache, and it seems bad enough to kill me. Do something for it."

Adele, with gentle hands, drew down the blinds, and bathed the burning forehead with sweet fragrant waters. She did everything in her power, but she could not touch the wounded, aching heart.

Then Lady Arden asked to be left alone, and bade her tell the earl, when he returned, that she was suffering from a severe headache and would be glad to be left to sleep; and the earl, though disappointed, admitted that he was not surprised; her ladyship had not looked quite well when he left her. So the two friends took luncheon alone, while Lady Arden did hard battle with her pain.

She decided at last utterly to ignore the letter; not to answer it; not to show in any way that she had received it; to go out in the world as brilliant, as gay, and as beautiful as ever. Perhaps when he saw how entirely useless it was, and that he had no answers to his horrible letters, he would cease to persecute her, and go away.

But she knew little enough of human nature when she thought that. Still the idea was some little relief to her; and, if the worst came, she could but deny his statement a l'outrance. It would be her word against his, and who would believe the word of a common man against that of the Countess of Arden? She could most surely, if the worst came, laugh him to scorn. So once more she tried to raise her beautiful head, but she looked more like a crushed lily than anything else.

The earl was dismayed, when, during the next few days, he saw how she drooped and faded.

"London does not suit you, Alice," he said. "I shall be glad when the season is over. Would you like to go away before it ends?"

For one moment her heart beat with a mad sense of relief. That might save her. Then she remembered that if he could find out her address in London, he could do the same in the country. There was no more safety, no more hope for her.

"I am half distracted over you, Alice," said Lord Arden; "I can not think what makes you so ill. You seem to me like one who has some trouble, some secret sorrow preying on your mind, and that can not be."

"No," she replied with a laugh that was worse than a cry, "that can not be."

The earl looked at her with unutterable tenderness.

"Alice," he said! "my wife, my darling! If you had any trouble, you would tell it to me, trust it to me, and I would soon end it."

Oh, Heaven! if she could but do that—if she might fling herself on his broad breast, and tell him all—he could save her; those strong arms of his could protect and shield her against the whole world. But if he knew, he would never look at her face again.

Shuddering, yet trying to repress all outward sign of emotion, she drew the proud, handsome face down to hers, and kissed it. She could say no words, her heart was too full.

That same evening came again the coarse, dirty envelope, smelling of tobacco. Her quick eyes caught it in one moment, and she took it quickly from the silver salver where the other letters lay.

"I must stop this at any price," she thought to herself. "What is to prevent Leo from noticing it?"

She crushed the letter in the pocket of her dress. She would not read it until she was alone.

Alone, with her misery and despair, she took the letter from her dress, and opened it with an aching heart. It was short, and ran thus——

"You have sent no answer to my letter, Lady Arden; perhaps you think that, by treating me with silent contempt, you will silence me; my lady—no. I shall have the price of my secret. If I do not get it from you, I shall have it from your husband; if he refuses I shall still win a fortune from editors and proprietors of newspapers, to whom I can send so valuable a paragraph—such rare information. I am a determined man. I have made up my mind to see you, and see you I will. You would not like, in a few days' time, to open a newspaper and read 'Shocking Discovery in High Life!' That is what must happen if all my negotiations with you or your husband fail. To save this see me at once; I shall be by the Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, at three this afternoon. If you are not there my next appeal will be to the Earl of Arden. ADAM RAMSAY."

She must go! She must go! She recognized the fact with shuddering dread. She must see him—this man who was so ready and anxious to blight her new and beautiful life.

It seemed easy enough for her, the mistress of a magnificent mansion, to leave it when and how she would; but how could she manage it? How go without telling her husband where she was going?—without her servants' knowing? No task could be more difficult. She must think it out. The only plan would be to steal from the house without saying anything to her husband, take a cab, drive to Regent's Park, and return in the same way; but her heart beat with dread and fear. She was so afraid that fear deadened her pain.

But for once fortune was kind to her. On the morning following—the day she was to go to Regent's Park, the earl said to her:

"Alice, I am afraid I sh-ll not be able to return for luncheon to-day."

He little knew how great was the relief to her. For the first time in her life she was pleased to hear of his absence. She would be free now to go where she would.

Even when free from the restraint of her husband's presence she would not order the carriage. She took her luncheon an hour earlier than usual, and then went out. Since she had been married she had never been in the streets alone, and it seemed to her that it was the beginning of a great downfall. She called a cab, and it was not long before she found herself at Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park. She paid the cabman and dismissed him, then with beating heart she looked around.

There was the usual busy traffic, the quick walkers intent on business, the slow walkers intent on pleasure, but she saw nowhere any face that was familiar to her. Then a rough voice with a Scotch accent spoke just behind her.

"My lady, I do not want to do you any harm, you need not be seen talking to me—go forward to that group of trees and I will follow you."

She did not recognize the voice, she did not remember ever to have heard it before. She obeyed it and found herself in a thick grove of trees which hid her from view. The figure of a man advanced slowly toward her, but she did not recognize it; he was quite a stranger to her, she had never seen him before. He was old, shabbily dressed; never could by any possibility have been a gentleman. He had small, cunning eyes, hands not over clean, and quite guiltless of gloves.

Surely this shabby, broken-down looking man could never be the one who had written to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BILL-DISTRIBUTING AS A FINE ART.—"No art in giving away handbills in the streets? Ain't there? I knows better; and if you had been at the game as long as I have you would agree with me," declared a ragged, down-at-heel advertisement distributer recently, in tones of indignant dissent.

"You try it and see if, provided you simply shove the bill at them, four out of every six don't elbow past you without accepting it. But if, with a half bow and a graceful movement of the forearm you tender the paper, you'll plant it right enough in most cases.

"To a man as takes a pleasure in his business—no matter how humble it may be—it's very disheartening to see how most folks chucks 'em away as soon as they've glanced at them, and personally nothing makes me more disgusted than walking about seeing on all sides the bills as they've crumpled up and wasted.

"A shillin' a day, like some of the sandwich men, has been my usual pay; but then the job ain't such a hard one, because the police don't mind your being on the pavement now and again, whereas, if you have got the boards on, they takes good care as you stops in the gutter."

TWISTERS.—Read the following aloud, repeating the shorter ones quickly a few times in succession—Six thick thistle-sticks. Flesh of freshly-fried flying fish. The sea cooseth, and it suffloeth us. High roller, low roller, lower roller. A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit-box. Strict strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes. Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan; swan swam back again—well swum swan! It is a shame, Sam; these are the same, Sam. 'Tis all a sham, Sam, and a shame it is to sham so, Sam. A growing gleam glowing green. The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms. Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine, Susan. She cooseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan. Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round; a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round; where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round? Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and oyster, where are the owl and oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?

THE giddiest old girl in America is Margaret Plotser. She is 98 years old and a bicycle rider of vim and nerve. She recently challenged any woman of her age in the world to ride a bicycle race with her for a prize Bible. Bibles have often been put up as a prize for committing Scripture verses at Sunday school, but it is doubtful if there is another instance on record where one is offered as a prize to a winner in athletics. It is certain nobody will be found to accept this fine old lady's challenge.

Bric-a-Brac.

DOORS.—There are doors in some old houses in Holland which were, in former days, never used except for weddings and funerals. After the bride and groom had passed, the door was nailed up to await the next occasion.

DAMASCUS SWORDS.—It is but seldom that a really good specimen of the Damascus sword can be obtained, for the art of working and engraving steel is dead. These swords were made of alternate layers of iron and steel, so finely tempered that the blade would bend to the hilt without breaking, with an edge so keen that no coat of mail could resist it, and a surface so highly polished that when a Moslem wished to rearrange his turban he used his sword for a looking-glass.

CORSETS FOR THE FEET.—The latest atrocity in the interest of fashion is a corset for the foot. The new instrument of torture is made so as to enable a size smaller shoe to be worn than would be otherwise possible, and consists of a strong though thin band of web, which is fixed round the instep while the foot is off the ground. When it is in place it is comparatively easy to put on a shoe which is altogether too small, and the pressure being on the corset instead of the shoe, the latter does not stretch.

HOW CHINESE CITIES FIGHT FIRE.—When a fire starts in a certain locality in cities protected by walls extending from one end of the town to the other, a large wooden gate is swung across the street. In this way the fire is confined to definite limits. Generally the fire is uninterrupted until there is nothing left within the inclosure but ashes, and in the ashes the owner must seek his property. He has no insurance methods, and unless helped by his own family is left to start anew. The re-building is not a difficult matter, as there are no foundations or cellars.

IN JAILS.—The system of jail management in Hawaii is peculiar. It is the custom there to rent out the prisoners to citizens as laborers at so much a day. Every one who pretends to any social standing in Honolulu has a telephone in his house, and a conversation over it like this is said to be of frequent occurence: "Is this the jail?" "Yes." "Well, won't you please send up a murderer to the house to-day? That burglar you sent up yesterday was not satisfactry." The prisoners are required to return to the jail before 6 o'clock every night.

UNEXPLORED REGIONS.—All that is highest and best in our nature, all that combines to form our happiness and value to mankind, all the worthy aims and high resolves and noble purposes of life demand that we look upon what is unseen. It is the yet unexplored regions of justice and mercy, of honor and patriotism, of integrity and righteousness, of love and gratitude that we must discover and conquer if we would lead worthy and noble lives. Whatever stage we have reached in the ladder of progress, we must still climb higher if we would not sink lower; we must dwell not in the seen, even though it be good, but in the unseen, which is better.

ONLY FOR ROYAL PERSONAGES.—There seems to be a curious restriction existing in Berlin to hamper the designers of monumental sculpture. Only Royal personages are allowed to be commemorated by equestrian statues; meaner mortals have to be content with being on foot. Attention has been called to this matter in consequence of the wish expressed by members of the committee responsible for the erection of the national tribute of regard for Bismarck, that their great fellow-countryman should be represented mounted on horseback. Some £60,000 has been collected for this monument, and there is naturally a desire that it should be made as important as possible; but the regulations appears to be immutable, and no departure from the usual custom is to be allowed.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGES.—In fashionable circles in Russia it is the custom to solemnize marriages in a drawing-room and by candle light. There is no departure on a honeymoon tour. There is a banquet, followed by a ball, then by a supper; and at this last repast, when held in houses where old customs are observed, a new satin slipper, supposed to be the bride's, is produced and used as a drinking vessel by the bridegroom's friends, who pass it around and drink the bride's health in it till it is soaked through, and will hold liquor no longer. In houses where speeches are made, it is not the bridegroom, but the bride's father who returns thanks when her health is drunk, this usage being owing to the fact that a father still retains authority over his child after she is married. He may summon her home to tend him when he is sick. If he loses his wife he may claim his married daughter's services during the first three months of his widowhood, and he very often does so. If the daughter's husband dies, her father may compel her to return to his roof, and he becomes the guardian of her children. None of these privileges are retained by a married woman's mother.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

A couple of robins
  That perched in a tree
Said to each other:
"How sweet it would be
To love and to marry
  And always agree!"

They loved and they married,
  But husband and wife,
While yet in their honeymoon,
  Kindled a strife,
And all but nothing,
  Yet spoiling their life.

They lived in a garden
  Where cherries are red;
They sleep in the downiest
  Nest for a bed;
Yet always are wishing
  They never had wed.

They bicker, they fidget,
  They flutter their wings,
And this is what each
  To the other now sings:
"To love and to marry
  Are opposite things."

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LORD ALCESTON IS TEMPTED.

NOW, at last, the climax has come! I have thrown my honor after my fortune and my name, and have lost all. Was it madness that came over me, I wonder? Ay, the madness of love. We were alone, and it seemed to me that she tempted the words out of my lips. Shall I ever forget the glowing beauty of her face as she leaned over toward me on the balcony, her eyes full of the soft witchery of sweet, involuntary invitation, and her lips trembling with the eagerness which she could not hide? I wonder if any one in my place could have looked thus into the face of the woman he loved and not have told her so. I think not. It seems to me impossible.

What does she think of me, I wonder! I have held her in my arms, my lips have sought hers and forced the kisses from them. I have told her passionately, fiercely, that I loved her, and then suddenly, without a word of warning, I thrust her from me and fled like madman into the darkness. I heard her faint, reproachful cry as I hurried over the lawn, but I dared not turn back. One look, and I should have been her slave again.

I am at war with Fortune indeed, and who shall say that she has used me fairly? Never since the days of my boyhood have I once seen anything in a woman's eyes to make my heart beat faster; never once have found my thoughts filled for a single moment with the memory of a woman's face. And now see what has happened! At the very moment when this avalanche of trouble has fallen upon my head, when more than ever it is my duty to be up and quit myself like a man, I find myself suddenly fallen a blind slave to a passion against which my frantic struggles are as impotent as though I had striven with my voice to stem the tide on that dark night in Clanavon Bay. What magic has she used that the slightest memory of those few moments of rapturous happiness should drive away from my memory every black thought and miserable recollection of my great grief?

Let me think coolly for a moment, if I can? Here am I, without a name, and without a single farthing which I can call my own—nay, I have already won—the love of a girl who believes me to be a peer of England. She may love me for myself alone; something tells me that she does; but even if it be so, I have no right to her love. Nay, it is dishonor to me that I have told her of mine. . . .

What am I to do? Tell her the truth! Perhaps her father has done so already! I cannot! There is only one other alternative. I must go away; leave her without a word of farewell. Can I do this this? I must! . . .

Her father has been here. When they showed him in I had but one thought. He had come in anger to upbraid me with seeking his daughter's love—and he was in the right. For the first time in my life I was ashamed to look a man full in the face. I stood patiently before him, expecting to hear a stream of fierce, angry words, and determined that, whatever he might say, I would bear for her sake, and for the sake of my own guilt.

But there came no words from him of any sort, and presently I looked up surprised, half expecting to find him choking with rage. On the contrary, his agitation, for he was agitated, proceeded from quite a different cause.

"Lord Alceston," he commenced, "my daughter has told me something of what has passed between you."

"I am much to blame, Monsieur de Feurget," I answered. "You have cause to be very angry with me. I fear you will think that I have abused your hospitality."

"It does not seem so to me," he said quietly. "Nay, I am proud that my daughter should have won your regard. There is no man in the world whom I would rather see her husband."

"But you forget," I stammered, amazed.

"I forget nothing. Listen. It would be blind, mad folly of you to disclose what would profit none, and would disgrace you, disgrace your mother, and disgrace your father's memory. Bury it, as you will. We three alone in the world—your mother, yourself, and I—know of it. Let it die out from our remembrance. But in case anything should ever happen to bring it to light—which nothing ever can—I will settle the whole of my fortune on you—yourself absolutely—on the day you marry my daughter. Say—do you consent to this?"

The eagerness which shone in his face and which quivered in his tone was unmistakable. From what I had seen of Mons. de Feurget, I should have deemed him the last man in the world to be moved by vulgar ambition. Yet what motive could he have in urging me to marry his daughter? That he loved her I was sure, and yet by his offer he was exposing her to a dreadful risk.

"Supposing I consented to this," I said in a low tone, broken with agitation. "Should you tell her—all?"

"Not a word. What necessity would there be? I shall soon be dead. I feel that my days are numbered, and then, save yourself, no one would know."

"There have been strange instances of truth coming to light," I went on, half to myself. "There have been cases where, after many years, men have come from the dead——"

"There can be no such fear here," he interrupted. "You know that there cannot."

It was a moment of bitter temptation to me. As in a dream, there passed before me the sad, sorrowful face of my mother, nursing her fierce grief in dreary solitude. What would happen to her if I were to play the part of honest man and blazon out this hideous secret? Alas! I knew. Her proud heart would break. And then I saw Marie's sweet face, softened with love and tenderness, and with the mute reproaches shining out of her bright eyes. Was not her happiness, too, at stake? And, last of all, I looked into the future, and I saw myself homeless, nameless, wretched, a wanderer upon the face of the earth, with no hope in the future, and no joy in the present—a self-wrecked outcast, to whom death alone could bring release. It was a fearful prospect!

I sank down into a chair and covered my face with my hands. Soon he came and stood by my side, and began talking in a low tone, nervous with eagerness, urging me to let him go back to Marie and tell her that all was well; begging me to go with him; pouring out a whole torrent of argument, little of which escaped my ears, for I was willing to hear and eager to be convinced. Yet even then, in that brief, agitated interview, it faintly dawned upon me that there was something strange, something beneath the surface, in the hysterical eagerness with which he piled argument upon argument in his frantic attempts to win me to his view of the case.

"Monsieur de Feurget," I said to him suddenly, interrupting his stream of words, "do you think that as a father you are doing your duty to urge me like this?"

"Yes," he answered, almost fiercely. "If I were not as sure of the safety of what I am doing as I am of my own existence, you might have reason in asking that question. As it is, you have none. I seek my daughter's happiness. She loves you."

"And God knows that I love her," I cried bitterly. "Monsieur de Feurget, I can give you no answer to day; no, nor to-morrow. In three days I will have made up my mind. Farewell now."

"In three days! Good!" he answered. "At the end of that time I shall expect to hear from you."

Then he went away, and I was left alone.

It was late when he departed—nearly midnight; but to attempt to get rest seemed like a mockery to me. My brain was in a whirl, and my mind in a state of chaos. But of all the thoughts that thronged in upon me, there was one which held its own always, and which seemed to throw a strange, sweet light upon all the others. She loved me. Was not that worth the world to me—worth far more than a quixotic scruple which would bring disgrace and misery on other heads than mine if I yielded to it?

I stood by the open window, and I heard the midnight silence broken by the sound of wheels without feeling the curiosity to glance below. There was the noise and bustle of some one being admitted to the hotel, and presently there was a knocking at my door, which was quietly opened and shut. I moved from the recess into the room, and stood face to face with the intruder.

At first I did not know him. I saw a tall, gaunt man with white beard and hair, with hollow cheeks and fevered eyes. When a moment later recognition did sweep in upon me, it brought with it an awed surprise.

"Neilson," I cried, "is that you?"

He was leaning upon the back of a chair, which his long, white fingers were grasping convulsively. His whole shrunken frame seemed quivering with agitation, and his breathing came in quick, uneven gasps. He tried twice to speak before he could command words.

"The death certificate of—of Cecile Clanavon. Where—where is it?"

He held out his hand eagerly, but I shook my head.

"It was lost that night in the bay," I answered.

"Do you remember where it was dated from?"

I shook my head. I had never looked.

He sank down into the chair wringing his hands.

"All in vain!" he muttered. "In vain—in vain!"

I hurried to his side, but his eyes were closed, and a ghastly pallor crept into his face. He had fainted.

CHAPTER XLIV.

FIRE AT THE CONVENT.

EVERY one who has passed through a period of great mental anguish will, at some time or other during it, have experienced the strong, impulsive desire to numb, if only for a very brief while, the acute agony by physical exhaustion. It swept in upon me with more than common force after Neilson's sudden arrival, and on the first day of the three for which I had bargained with Monsieur de Feurget. Nor was I long in yielding to it. Early in the morning I left the hotel, and setting my face inland I commenced to walk away from the fashionable little watering-place as though my one object in life was to get as far away from it as possible. By noon-time I must have traveled fifteen miles; and faint with heat and exhaustion and half choked with dust, I was glad to rest for a while in a way-side cottage and accept such timidly-proffered hospitality as its peasant occupants had to offer.

When I was cooled I offered them a coin, which I had much trouble to persuade them to accept, and stepped out again into the broad white road.

Far away in front of me was a long line of dark hills, and after a moment's hesitation I set out toward them. The afternoon sun was blazing down upon me with a pitiless heat, and my feet sank noiselessly into a thick carpet of white dust. More than once I felt my temples throb and my head swim with the burning heat, but I walked steadily on, heedless of the pain. After what I had been suffering, this was nothing.

As I approached the hills which I had vaguely fixed upon as my destination, their appearance became more inviting. Deep yellow cornfields were waving upon their slopes, empurpled with vineyards and plantations of broad-leafed, deep-greened trees, which seemed to my fevered limbs sweetly suggestive of coolness and shade. I could see no houses save one, a long, white building of irregular shape, half hidden by the trees which surrounded it. By its side was an older building, which I judged to be a chapel, and soon I was sure of it, for when, at last, I had reached the summit of the first of the hills, and had thrown myself down under the shade of a little knoll of rosy budded lime-trees, I heard the soft chiming of a bell, and almost immediately afterward a little procession of plainly-robed women passed two and two from the house into the chapel. Then the bell ceased and there was silence again.

I drew a long sigh of contentment and stretched my tired limbs out upon the smooth turf. In some measure I had found what I had sought—peace. At my feet was the half-ruined old chapel, with its weather-beaten cross standing out vividly against the evening sky; and presently, from the open doors, there stole out the faint, sweet sound of women's voices chanting the Agnus Dei. It died away, and there was silence. Then more distinctly there floated up the strains of the evensong at the close of the service. I raised myself on my elbow to listen, and when at last it ceased I remained watching the dark figures issue slowly from the chapel, and, after a little hesitation and sauntering, as though to breathe in some of the sweetness of the evening, re-enter the house. When the last one had gone, I leaned back again, but I still felt no inclination to move. The spot where I was had a charm for me.

Slowly the brilliant streaks of color faded away and the shades of twilight commenced to fall. A slight dampness hung about the sides of the hills, white clouds of mist were slowly gathering. It was time for me to rise and go.

Slowly I staggered up to my feet and stretched my tired limbs. I gazed steadfastly for a minute or two at the rugged cross, which was so placed that from where I was it stood always out in bold relief against the clear sky, and my thoughts dwelt for more than a minute on the little community of simple-minded, zealous women who had preferred the safety of seclusion, and the life of contemplation and reverence, to the thousand joys of the outside world. Then I glanced from the chapel to their abode, and my eyes, which had sought it carelessly enough, became suddenly fixed, and I felt my heart beat fast. What was that brilliant glow of red light in one of the high, painted windows? It might have been the last fierce glow of a summer sunset; but the sun had set long ago. No moon, no lamp, could give such a light. I watched it for a second, and then I gave a wild cry and leaped forward, with all memory of my weariness gone; for out of the window and up into the dark sky had shot a long forked flame, followed by a cloud of smoke. It was fire!

CHAPTER XLV.

A DESPERATE CLIMB.

IN my college days I won more than one cup for cross-country running and hurdle-jumping, but I am very sure that I beat every previous record in my wild ascent toward the burning house. The hedges that I could not clear I leaped through, and my feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as I tore down the hill. But, notwithstanding my haste, long before I reached my destination the silent night was made hideous by the shriek of terrified women—some flying from the house, some standing helplessly at the windows, wringing their hands and dazed with fear. It was an awful scene. The fire was on the second story, where, apparently, the sisters had been seated at their evening meal. Some had promptly rushed downstairs, and had got clear of the house altogether; others, slower or more timid, had delayed until the staircase had caught fire and it was too late. There they stood at the window, shrieking and convulsed with fear, some kneeling, some rushing wildly backward and forward seeking other means of escape, and behind them the dull red glow of the fast-approaching flames. I reached the shrubbery and bounded across the lawn. On the walk, his white hair streaming down his face, was the old chaplain. I caught him by the shoulder and shook him in my excitement.

"Is there no ladder?" I cried in French.

"Ah, the ladder!" he exclaimed. "In the tool-house. This way! this way!"

I hurried on before him to the shed. Leaning against it was a ladder of moderate length. With beating heart I reared it against the wall. Alas! it was fully a yard too short! A little cry of disappointment burst from the lips of the trembling little group.

"Courage," I cried, "courage! Stand away from the window! I am coming to you

There was a breathless silence. I ran up the ladder swiftly, and, poising myself for a moment on the topmost rung, stooped down and leaped through the window into the room.

There was no time to lose, for the far wall of the long apartment was already in

flames and, the smoke and heat were stifling. I lifted the nearest of the little crowd of women by the arms and held her suspended out of the window until her feet touched the ladder. Then, hanging out of the casement, I gave her my hand until she had fairly commenced the descent, and directly she was out of my reach I turned for the next.

One by one they were saved. Their behavoir made a deep impression upon me. There was no struggling—no desire to push one in front of the other. They took their turn quietly, praying on their knees until it came, with half-closed eyes and calm faces lit up by the lurid flames which every moment drew nearer to them. The last was a slight child, who felt like a baby in my arms, and as she was stunned and dazed by the smoke and heat, I wrapped her arms around my neck and descended with her.

It was a strange sight on the lawn. Many of the people from the neighborhood had arrived, but there was no fire engine nor any chance of any, and nothing could be done to quell the flames. There they all stood in little groups, the women, now that the danger was over, weeping and terrified at their strange position and the loss of their home. Suddenly there was a hush, followed by a deep, agitated murmur. Then one of the women suddenly caught hold of my arm and with the other pointed to the window of the room which they had just quitted.

"Sister Agnes!" she cried. "Mother of Jesus, save her!"

There was a moment's silence, and then a succession of piercing, heart-breaking screams from the frenzied women. Every eye was riveted upon the window, my own included, and a thrill of horror passed through me. Standing perfectly still, her calm, sweet face, with its coils of gray hair, brilliantly illuminated by the rolling flames which were fast creeping toward her, was a tall, stately-looking woman, with her arms and face stretched up toward Heaven as though in silent prayer.

They crowded around me, weeping, wringing their hands, and pouring out passionate appeals. They went on their knees, crying to me to save her, and like a flash I felt all the weariness and stiffness pass away from my limbs. I rushed toward the window, hastily reared the ladder, and ran up it. But, quick though I was, I was too late. When I stood on the topmost rung the flames leaped out, scorching my face and hair, and through the clouds of smoke I could see that the room was empty. I tried to leap through the casement, but the belching flames and thick volumes of smoke drove me back, dazed. Nevertheless, I should have tried again but for another cry below. I stole a quick glance downward. The lawn was studded with the kneeling figures of the sisters. Their eyes seemed turned all in one direction above my head. I descended swiftly, drew the ladder away from its dangerous position, and stood with them.

I looked upward, and a cry burst from my lips. By some means she had reached the roof, and was standing there with one arm embracing the rugged stone cross and with the other stretched out towards us in an attitude of farewell. There was no fear, no shrinking, no signs of dread at the hideous fate which seemed about to enfold her. Nothing but perfect peace, perfect contentment. I felt a fierce resolve leap within me, and my body seemed filled with fresh vigor and energy. Stand by and see her die I could not. But how to save her?

I strode up to the huddled group of weeping women, and called sternly out to them.

"I want a coil of rope," I said, speaking rapidly to the chaplain, who was standing by my side. "I saw one in the tool shed."

He hurried away and brought it to me. I tied one end round my body and made a slip-knot at the other. Then I reared the ladder against the extreme end of the blazing building and mounted it to the topmost rung.

When I reached it I found myself still twenty feet from the roof. Turning round, I pulled up the rope; then, holding the slip-knot in my hand, I called out to the woman above.

With a lingering reluctance, which made me quiver with impatience, she unlinked her arm from the cross and advanced to the edge of the roof. I stood up, holding the slip-knot in my hand, but when I sought to throw it to her and to speak, my tongue and arm alike seemed paralyzed. I forgot the ravenous flames which were roaring on toward us, blistering the skin upon my face and hands and bathing us both in a warm, rosy glow. I looked into her sad, calm face, full of a strange beauty, and I forgot all there. The face looking into mine was that of the woman whose photograph I had found in the keep at Clanavon Castle!

Dizzy with the great shock, I reeled and almost fell. She saw it, and leaned over the stone parapet silent, but horrified. I recovered myself with a desperate effort, and our eyes met. Then I knew that she, too, recognized the likeness to a familiar face.

I threw the slip-knot up, and it fell on the roof; but she made no motion to take it, nor did she remove her eyes from my face.

"Take it," I cried, "quick!"

She did not move. I cried to her again more imperatively than before.

"Take it and fasten it to the cross."

Still she did not speak or withdraw her wild, rapt gaze from my face. I loosened my hand and hung backward suspended in mid-air.

"Do as I tell you, or I will fall!" I cried. "I am here to save you. A moment's delay and we shall perish."

She started backward when she saw my peril, and she did as I had bade her.

"Is it firm?" I cried.

"Leave me here!" she cried. "I wish to die."

For answer I let my feet quit the ladder and hung suspended by the rope. Hand over hand I pulled myself up until I stood at last by her side.

We stood side by side, struggling and gasping for breath in the heated atmosphere. In her face there was still that look of awed wonder, but it had softened now, and the horror had died away from it.

"Who are you?" she whispered. "Tell me——"

"I have came to save you, Sister Agnes!" I cried. "Quick!"

I undid the rope from my own body and wound it around hers. She sought to stop me, but I pushed her hands away.

"I would rather die," she answered. "Leave me here and save yourself. But tell me, first, who you are."

"I am Lord Alceston now," I answered, drawing her to the parapet, "but if you keep me here a moment longer I must bid my name good-bye forever."

I tightened the rope and let her down slowly from the parapet. Then I, too, climbed over the edge and let myself down.

It was well that I was close behind her for after a few trembling steps she reeled and would have fallen. At the foot of the ladder a hundred eager hands met us, and a great sobbing cry of joy and relief broke the intense stillness which had reigned among the watchers. I felt soft arms around my neck, and hot tears and kisses upon my hands as they crowded around us. But suddenly it all died away—the sound of their hysterical, shaking voices and the sight of their pale, eager, tear-stained faces radiant with gratitude. Consciousness had left me like a flash, and the unnatural strength which had buoyed me up was gone. I had fainted like a woman.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SISTER AGNES.

IN this state I must have remained for many hours, for when I opened my eyes another sun was low down in the western sky. It was in a plain, bare bedchamber, with whitewashed walls and scantily furnished. The bed on which I was lying, however, was spotlessly clean, and by my side was a great bowl of sweet-smelling country flowers. Like a flash, the recollection of the previous night came to me—the fire, the perilous climbing, and the face of the woman whom they had called Sister Agnes.

I tried to jump out of bed, and made the discovery that my limbs were still stiff and sore, and that there were poultices on various parts of my body.

I lay down again and closed my eyes. Scarcely had I done so when the door of the room was carefully opened and footsteps crossed the room to my side. There was a little hesitation, then a soft, white hand passed over my forehead with a gentle, caressing touch, lingering there for a moment or two and repeating the action. Presently I heard something which sounded like a stifled sob, and, slowly opening my eyes, I saw the bowed figure of a black-robed sister kneeling by my bedside. I started; she raised her head, and I looked into the face of Sister Agnes.

She rose at once and stood by my bedside. All trace of emotion had vanished as if by magic from her white, passionless face.

"You are better, my son?" she asked.

"If I have been ill, yes," I answered. "I feel a little stiff and sore, that is all. I have slept long?"

"All day, and sorely you must have needed it," she said. "My son, there are many helpless women who owe you their lives, I among them."

"You were not very anxious to be saved," I remarked.

"I was ready to die or to live, as was God's will," she answered. "Nay, I think that I am glad to have been spared, for those whom I have loved and watched over need me now in their distress more than ever. Yes, I am glad to be alive, and I thank you, my son."

"Sister Agnes," I said, "your face is one which I have seen before."

"Never," she answered calmly.

"Nay, but I have seen its picture," I continued. "You have not always been known as Sister Agnes."

"My other self is dead," she answered.

"Dead it may be in one sense," I answered; "but still it is alive. Sister Agnès, if ever you were known as Cecile d'Augerville tell me so quickly! It is more to me than you can imagine."

"That was my name," she answered quietly.

"Then why did you lead my father to suppose you dead, and let him marry again? Cannot you see the wrong you have done, Sister Agnes? I am the son of Lord Alceston, but I have no right now to his name. The fault is yours, and on your head lies the blame of my infamy," I added bitterly.

"Ah!" She pressed her hand to her cold temples, and the saint-like calm died out of her face. She was agitated, but not as I had expected to see her.

"Your father—is he alive?" she asked.

"He is dead," I answered, steeling my heart against her, and vowing to myself that I would not spare her; and then, like a flash, I remembered how this strange discovery upset every theory of his death. Who now was the woman whom he had gone to visit secretly? Where was now the motive of his self-destruction? Gone! The whole theory was destroyed. Once more everything was in a hopeless mass.

"Dead! Dead! Ah me! Dead!"

The words seemed to glide out of her lips almost unconsciously. I looked at her, wondering, and my wonder had something of reverence in it. Was this the face of erring, sinful woman, a woman to scheme and plan for an earthly vengeance? It seemed—nay, I knew that it was—impossible, and the harsh words which I would have uttered died away upon my lips.

In their place came a sort of awe, largely mingled with pity. I knew that I was looking upon a woman who was fulfilled very nearly, if not altogether, the ideal of her order. Asceticism, unselfishness, devotion had been the steps of the ladder by which she had attained to a spirituality so marked and evident that it seemed diffused from her very person, and gave her a strange, sweet influence over her fellow-creatures—an influence which I, too, felt.

Soon she came softly to my bedside and sank down upon her knees. Then, with her face turned at first a little away from me, she commenced to speak in a low, sweet tone, full of deep humility. Before she had uttered many words her hand sought mine, and my fingers had clasped it. If this woman had done me any wrong she was already forgiven. I was powerless even to feel resentment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT HADES.—Of hell as a place of punishment, the natural history is not only interesting, but instructive. As a subject of evolution it comes well within the sphere of scientific inquiry. The chief difficulty about it is the vastness of its literature. Its startling bibliography makes us sigh for the simplicity of the hell of the Japanese, where the only punishment of the wicked is to pass into the body of a fox, or for that of the Taiapoos of Surat in which the absence of what Addison calls "the fair sex" is the most excruciating torment of the imagination. In Patagonia it is not regarded as a place of misery. In Mexico it is less a place of punishment than of relative discomfort.

The Hindu hells, or Narakas, are one hundred and thirty-six. The walls of the principal of these are over a hundred miles in thickness, and their firey glare is so fierce that they burst the eyes of those who look at them, even from the distance of four hundred leagues. Yama, the Greek Pluto, the Christian Satan, is two hundred and forty miles high. The hairs of his body are like palm trees. He punishes the damned by putting them in beds of boiling oil, sawing their bodies in two, pouring molten lead into their ears, pulling out their toenails and tongues, and a vast number of other varieties of torture. The Kaffirs with only thirteen paradises, have more than double that number of hell. With the Muslims the lightest punishment is to be shod with shoes of fire, the heat of which causes the skull of the unlucky wight who bears them to boil like a cauldron. Plato's hell endured for one thousand years only.

The place of hell has given rise to very wide divergence of doctrine. The general, and perhaps the orthodox opinion—this assertion is made with considerable doubt—places hell in the earth's centre. To this view has been objected the insufficiency of room. Then rose up one Tobias Swindin, M. A., a rector of Caxton, in Kent, and published in 1797 a book well stuffed with recondite erudition, showing that the local hell is, in all probability, the sun. The spots upon that fiery orb are possibly dotted companies of damned souls.

DO ACTORS PAINT MORE THAN ACTRESSES?—"It's a great mistake," said a well-known costumier to the writer the other day, "to think that ladies use cosmetics more than gentlemen. The actors paint most, out of sheer necessity: an actor will sometimes require twenty different shades for various lines before the character he is about to impersonate is properly indicated in his face. An actress rarely requires more than a quarter of that number.

"How do the paste and powder stick on? Oh, easily. The paint is powdered over to give it the natural look of the skin; and if the stage is very hot, the actor can always add a little more powder when he gets back to his dressing room.

"What are the queerest things we have to do with? Well, I think false necks for those of more advanced years who wish to appear in a low-cut dress. This contrivance consists of a strong leather belt clasped about the waist of the lady. This belt forms the basis for strips of papier mache, which go to make a bust, neck, and back of pleasing proportions. The outside covering of this consists of flesh-colored silk, lined with kid leather. The combination makes a capital skin.

"This, of course, is not all. There is the heaving and falling of the bosom still to effect. Beneath the outside cover of silk and leather is a thin air cushion stretched to the proper shape by means of wire. Broad, but flexible springs rest against the wearer's bosom, and are connected to the air-cushion. So you can see that the slightest heaving of the bosom's communicated by these springs to the air-cushions; the movement completes the deception. The silk covering is made gradually thinner near the top, and ends on the neck, which it closely clasps. A necklace of—say diamonds—completes the deception.

"Most theatrical secrets are—well, no secrets at all; but I don't think many people are aware that a lady of fifty summers, by the above means, may make herself appear quite in the 'teens.'"

BY A SUBTERFUGE.—Many shoe sellers and some shoe manufacturers now make it a point to prevent women from finding out what size shoes they are buying. This seems curious, but it grows out of a peculiarity of womankind which gives the shoe makers a great deal of trouble. They say that the majority of women will not try a shoe that is the right size. They nearly all want them to be too small. It often happens that a woman buys a shoe which she has declared to be the most comfortable that she ever put on her feet. Then she gets home and sees the number, or sees it before the purchase is wrapped up, and if it is a shade larger than she has been in the habit of buying, she will not take the purchase. On this account there has grown up a cushom of marking shoes with a cipher system, which only the manufacturers and dealers can understand. The result is that many women are more wisely shod than ever they were before.

TRAMPS IN MEXICO.—Tramps are not viewed with favor in Mexico. A gang of seven of these products of the higher American civilization crossed over into Mexico recently, and encamped near the town of Juarez. The local police soon got word of their presence, and they found themselves in jail forthwith. The next day the mayor released them, with the information that if he saw them again they would get eleven months' hard labor. This is the penalty that the laws of Juarez awards to tramps, vagrants and others without visible means of support. All the same, Mexico has host of beggars.

WANTED—A tonsorial artist to shampoo the head of a river.

SOME NIGHT.

BY W. W. LONG.

Some night when moonbeams fall across your way,
And starlight sheds its silver-tinted ray,
And fire-flies sparkle in the night,
And brown moths flutter round the light,
The fragrance of a dead rose will come back to you,
From that old time that was so true—
All of Love's memory of the past,
Adown the nights you'll cry for love and rest,
And kisses from the lips your own have prest,
Then, as alone, you sit and wait,
From out the dark a voice will cry, "too late!"

A Girl's Mistake.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII—(CONTINUED.)

DURING the evening an interval of ten minutes was alike welcomed by audience and performers. The aristocratic members of the choir descended from the platform and received the congratulations of their friends; while the elder ladies, Mrs. du Berg and the Honorable Mrs. Vere, gossiped behind their fans. Now and then Nell caught a word or two, till at last Major Holt's name attracted her attention. She bent forward and listened eagerly.

"Such a pity. I am so sorry for Mrs. Snow," Mrs. du Berg was saying. "Such a disgraceful affair! I'm surprised you have not heard!"

"But when did it happen?" Mrs. Vere asked.

"Oh, quite lately—within the last few weeks! Why, they have only been married a few months. She was engaged to young Staunton before, I believe, but it was broken off."

"And now she has eloped with him! Dear me, how dreadful for Major Holt! Does he feel it much?"

"Terribly. He is such a proud man, you know, and feels the disgrace acutely."

"I don't wonder. Do you know Mrs. Holt?"

"No. She was a quiet, pretty little thing, I believe, though Mrs. Snow never liked her."

"Ah, they are always the worst?" and Mrs. Vere sighed. "Is Edith to sing again?"

"Nell, are you ill?" Olive whispered. "Would you like to go out?"

Nell had sunk back white and breathless.

So this was what Malcolm thought: that she was so vile, so wicked—a false wife, a heartless woman! She forced the color back to her lips as she smiled reassuringly to Olive.

"No, I will wait," she whispered; and managed to sit out the concert.

The songs seemed interminable, and, on their return home, Mab, who had insisted on sitting up for them, was startled at Nell's pale face.

"The concert has been too much for you evidently, Nell. How tired you look!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I shall go to bed at once," Nell answered wearily. "I am very tired." And then, as she kissed Olive, "Come into my room, dear, before you go," she whispered. "I want to speak to you."

Olive found her sitting on the bed still in her walking dress when, half an hour later, she entered the room.

"Why, Nellie, not in bed!" she exclaimed, startled and shocked at the pathetic despair on the girl's face.

Sitting by her on the bed she removed her hat and jacket, kissed and caressed her, till Nell, resting her head on her shoulder, sobbed in a quiet, hopeless way, infinitely more distressing than any violent emotion would have been.

"My darling, don't sob so passionately!" Olive whispered. "It was hearing the news about Mrs. Holt upset you, I suppose. I don't wonder you were quite overcome. She is not worth grieving about, Nell."

"Oh, Olive"—Nell pushed her away passionately—"don't condemn me before you know all! Indeed I am not what they said."

"You"—Olive stared at her with incredulous eyes—"you, Nell?"

"Yes, I!" Nell cried. "Oh, Olive, don't shrink from me—don't hate me! I never thought he would think that—that I had gone with Owen!" the girl moaned despairingly. "I can't bear him—bad as he is—to think that!"

"Nell, is it really true? Are you Major Holt's wife?"

Olive's voice was very low and severe, and Nell started and shivered at her changed manner.

"Yes, it is true," she replied drearily. "Only, Olive, hear it all before you condemn me. I am not so much to blame as you think."

"Tell me, then."

Olive's sternness died away. She put her arm gently round Nell's trembling figure and kissed her tenderly; and so, clinging closely to her, bit by bit Nell told her story, while Olive listened, with tears of sympathy and compassion in her eyes.

"It was a cruel thing to do, Nell," she said thoughtfully; "but I think you were very hasty. You ought to have given Major Holt an opportunity of explaining."

"I could not bear to see him!" Nell cried. "I feel as if I could never speak to him again!"

"Can't you forgive him, Nell?" asked Olive.

"Oh, it is not that!" Nell cried. "I could forgive the wrong to myself; but I trusted and believed in him so entirely! And I could not go on living with him, and knowing all the time he was so different."

"It is only what many women have to do," Olive said sadly. "And, Nell, suppose after all there is some mistake?"

"There is no mistake," and Nell shook her head despairingly. "But I can't let him think I am what Mrs. du Berg said. Olive, what must I do? Write to him?"

"There is only one thing you can do," Olive answered, in her firm decisive voice. "You must go back and tell him yourself."

"Go back! Oh, Olive, I can't!" Nell cried passionately.

"Yes, you can, because you ought," Olive said firmly. "And, Nell, I have a presentiment that if you were to meet, everything would be cleared up. I think there must be a mistake."

"Do you, really?" and Nell looked up with gleam of hope in her eyes. "Then I will go. But, Olive, dear, it would be so dreadful if he wouldn't believe me!"

"We will keep it all to ourselves," and Olive smiled reassuringly. "I will manage it for you. And now you must go to bed."

And Nell went to sleep, holding Olive's hand tightly in hers, happier than she had been for weeks.

"Mab, do you think you could spare Nell and me for a couple of days?" Olive said next morning. "I have wanted to go over to Manchester for some time to see the Gardners, and I should like to take Nell with me. What do you say, dear? Are you well enough to be left?"

"Oh dear, yes," Mab answered. "Now that the concert is over, and the excitement subsided, Laura will look after me. I hope you will have a pleasant visit, and enjoy yourselves."

But Olive half repented when the cab came to the door, at the sight of Mab's face, which tried to look smiling, and only succeeded in being unspeakably wretched.

"Good-bye, darling. I will be back on Saturday at the latest," she whispered. "And you will promise not to miss me much?"

"I can't promise that." Mab tried to laugh gaily. "Good-bye, Nell; buy me a box of rouge when you are in town, and come back blooming. And mind you bring me something very pretty."

"It is very good of you, Olive," Nell said gratefully, as they drove to the station. She put out her hand and touched Olive's cheek caressingly. "But you are always so kind."

"Nonsense, child," Olive answered. "You are sure you quite understand our arrangements, Nell? We are to stay all night in Manchester, so that you will be able to catch the early train, and get to Elmstone in good time."

"And if I come back?" Nell looked up anxiously.

"I don't think you will come back," Olive answered cheerfully. "But if you do, send me a telegram, Nell, and I will meet you at the Manchester station."

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was almost dark when, on the following afternoon, Nell reached Elmstone. She drew her veil closely over her face, and, afraid of being recognized, walked quickly out of the station. There had been a fall of snow and a sharp frost the night before, and the trees drooping under their white burden looked strange and mysterious in the twilight.

Nell shivered with nervous apprehension as she crossed the fields towards the park, and entered the dark avenue. Voices sounding in the distance fell on her ears after a while—Dora's voice talking gaily to Charlie Frenche.

Nell shrank out of sight behind a thick clump of laurels and waited till they passed. Nearer and nearer the two figures came, Dora beautiful and graceful as ever, dressed as usual to perfection; Charlie erect and handsome, with his gun over his shoulder.

"I won't let you go any farther." Dora paused just in front of Nell's hiding place, and held out her hand decisively. "I can take care of myself as far as the house, Charlie; and I know you are in a hurry. Good-bye."

Charlie, after a slight protest, lifted his cap, whistled to his dogs, and walked quickly down the avenue.

"Dora!" Nell, with a desperate effort, screwed up her courage and came forward. "Dora, won't you speak to me?"

Dora had stepped back in surprise and dismay at the unexpected apparition.

"Nell, you here!" she cried.

Just for a moment they stood and looked at each other. Such a contrast the two women made! Dora so beautiful and graceful, even in her agitation, Nell, haggard and pale, with her clasped hands and tear-stained face. Then Dora spoke in a cold chilling voice.

"May I ask why you have returned here—to the home you have disgraced? Is Owen Staunton tired of you already?"

"Dora," Nell interrupted passionately, "you know it is not true. You know I never saw Owen since——"

"Since the day you left him, since your meeting in the plantation," Dora said coldly. "You see, I know all about it, though you will deny that as well."

"No, I did meet him," Nell acknowledged sadly; "but he had nothing to do with my leaving home. I have been living with my aunt and cousins ever since. Dora, won't you believe me? Did I ever tell you a lie?" and Nell spoke earnestly.

"Is it likely I should believe such an improbable story?" Dora answered, with cold contempt. "Stand aside, please, and let me pass."

Nell put out her hand and caught hold of Mrs. Snow's dress as she swept past in her outraged purity.

"Dora, don't be so hard. I must see Malcolm. I must tell him it was not true!" she cried wildly.

"Malcolm!" Dora paused. "You can force your way into the house if you like, of course," she said slowly; "but Malcolm will not see you. You can bring shame and disgrace upon it and us; but it will be no use. Only the other day Malcolm told me never to mention your name, that he would never, so long as he lived, see you or speak to you again."

Nell drew back with a little shiver.

"You always hated me, Dora," she said in an odd, quiet voice; "and now you have made Malcolm hate me as well. Good-bye."

She turned and walked quickly across the park, and Dora, standing in the avenue, watched her slight figure disappear among the trees. She went into the house perfectly satisfied with her own conduct. She had prevented more gossip and scandal, and spared Malcolm a very painful scene; yet, as she sat opposite Malcolm, in Nell's place, at the luxurious table, her conscience pricked her a little. Nell was passionate and foolish enough for any mad act. Would she do anything desperate? Dora wondered.

"Casper is very uneasy to-night," Malcolm said, later on in the evening, patting the old mastiff's head. "What is it, old fellow? Do you want to go out?"

He rose and opened the hall door as he spoke; and Casper, with a joyful bark, rushed forward and disappeared in the darkness. Malcolm stood looking after him a moment, but it was too dark to see where he went, and he was too far off to hear the stifled cry of delight with which Nell greeted the dog's caress.

As the night grew darker she had ventured nearer the house, hoping, longing, feeling as if she could not go without one more effort to see Malcolm; and now she stood on the terrace, underneath the drawing-room window, with Casper keeping close by her side, watching the moon rise slowly behind the fir-trees, waiting till Malcolm should come in from dinner.

Lights were burning, but the blinds were still undrawn. Malcolm always objected, Nell remembered, to shutting the moonlight out; so, unseen herself, she looked in at the peaceful home she had left, as she thought, for ever; Malcolm was leaning back in his easy-chair, reading, and Dora, on the opposite side of the fireplace, had some idle make-believe work in her hand.

They looked so happy and peaceful. The poor little watcher outside, shivering with cold and nervousness, burst into silent despairing tears. With one last hopeless look, one stifled cry, she turned away and ran down the avenue to the gate.

"Casper, go back—go back!" she cried softly.

But Casper trotted on by her side unheeding, and Nell had not the heart to send him away. Olive, who met her at the station, was shocked at her worn white face.

"Was it of no use, dear? Didn't you see him?" she asked tenderly.

"It was of no use. Don't asked me any more, Olive," Nell begged; and Olive kissed and caressed her, and was mercifully silent.

So the two girls went back to Scardale, and the days went on quietly and uneventfully, both there and at Elmstone, till one day Malcolm received a long letter from Owen Staunton, a long indignant letter, which, while admitting the writer's love for Nell, solemnly denied any knowledge of her present abode.

"If Mrs. Holt has left you, which I can scarcely believe," Owen wrote, "it is because you deceived her so vilely, because you intercepted my letters and played such a treacherous part to us both."

Malcolm read the letter at first in utter bewilderment, afterwards with delight and surprise. Nell's pathetic, reproachful appeal, which had puzzled him so sorely at first, was all explained now.

"Any bad news, Malcolm?" Dora, from her place behind the urn, looked up in placid astonishment at his agitated face.

"Bad news! No, the best news I could have, except the news that she has come back," he replied. "Dora, we have wronged her cruelly! She has never been with Staunton."

He had risen from his chair, and was walking up and down the room in his excitement, while Dora, shaken for once out of her calm placidity, stared at him with astonished eyes.

"How could I have been so blind? How could I have doubted her for an instant?" he cried, with a world of love, and pity, and reproach in his voice.

Over Dora's handsome face a cold gray tinge was stealing. The color died out of her cheeks, and she looked old and haggard all at once. Even Malcolm, excited as he was, noticed the change.

"These letters he accuses me of intercepting—do you know anything of them, Dora?" He stopped and looked at Mrs. Snow's white face with a sudden suspicion in his eyes. "Nell always mistrusted you."

"Yes, she always mistrusted me!" Dora exclaimed, losing her temper and showing her claws for once in her life. "Always. That was why I did it."

"Did what? Nay, you shall speak now." Malcolm held her arms in his tight grasp. "I will know the truth at last."

And Dora, shivering with terror under his stern gaze, confessed how she had kept back the letters, even acknowledged to her interview with Nell in the avenue only a few weeks before.

"That was the night Casper disappeared," Malcolm murmured sadly. "My poor Nell! He was more faithful to her than I have been!"

Great tears rushed into his eyes as he sat down and buried his face in his hands. Nell—his little spoiled, pretty Nell—deceived and deserted, wandering all alone by herself in the wide cruel world!

"If any harm has come to her through your wickedness, I will never forgive you!" he cried.

"Dear Malcolm, what possible harm can you fear?" Dora said soothingly. "She is quite safe; she is living with her aunt. And you have the address."

"No, I have not. I gave it to Nell long ago," Malcolm answered fiercely.

"It is in Manchester, somewhere. It will be easy enough to find, Malcolm." Dora looked up, exceedingly beautiful in her tears. "I did it for the best. Won't you forgive me?"

"Forgive you! Yes, when my darling comes back to me, when she asks me with her own lips to forgive you," Malcolm said slowly. "Never—so help me Heaven—till then!"

There was an advertisement every day in the papers now, if Nell had only looked; but she had given up that as useless long ago.

The time went on; and Malcolm, wearied and hopeless at his vain endeavors to trace her, and dreading the idea of spending Christmas in his great silent house alone, went down to stay a few days with his friend, Colonel Vere.

So Christmas Day came, dull and snowy; so cold and raw indeed, that Nell, who had a cold, stayed at home from church, and read the service to Mab instead, and thought—ah, with what useless tears, what vain regrets—of that last Christmas Day when she had been so happy.

"Come into the garden, Maud," said Frank Austin, as he tapped gaily at the window next morning; and Olive, who was sitting near Mab, admitted him with a merry rebuke.

"Why can't you go round to the door like other people? I have often told you not to come in this way in winter.

"It is not winter to-day; it is spring," Mr. Austin returned gaily. "I am going to Langton to see how my colliers enjoyed their Christmas dinners; and I want you and Nellie to accompany me."

Mab looked out into the garden, where the sun was shining, with a longing sigh. She was always affected by changes in the weather; and she had suffered more pain than usual lately. And it seemed so hard that she, the youngest of all, should be chained to her couch while the others were enjoying themselves in the sunshine.

"I wonder why some people should have all the pleasure and others all the pain?" she said drearily.

Frank Austin, who never talked platitudes about resignation and submission, stroked her hair gently before he answered—

"Poor little Mab! It is very hard, I know. And it is one of the mysteries we shall never solve here. We can only be content to wait Heaven's time; and some day we shall understand it all." Some day! But Frank Austin little thought as he said the words reverently how soon the great mystery would be made clear to him!

It was one of those bright warm days which come sometimes even in mid-winter, as if to cheer us with the prospect of a not far distant spring. The snow had all disappeared from the hedges, and a swift strong wind had left the roads hard and dry. They walked quickly along the lane in high spirits, laughing and talking gaily.

"Could you not fancy there was a smell of violets somewhere?" asked Olive, poking her umbrella among the dead leaves and sticks. "Yes, of course I know it is impossible; but I should not be surprised at finding wild roses to-day. Frank, do you remember a walk we took last spring, and all the violets we gathered.

"Rather!" and Mr. Austin took out his pocket-book and showed her a bunch of withered violets. "See, I have them still."

Olive colored with pleasure.

"Oh, you silly fellow! Do you mean to say you have kept them all this time?" she cried. "Look, Nellie; the hounds are over there!"

At a distance through the trees, two or three red coats gleamed in the sunshine; and every now and then the huntsman's voice, softened by the distance, fell on their ears.

"There is Colonel Vere and—— Oh, Frank, what was that?" For an ominous roar, like a loud clap of thunder, crashed through the air.

Mr. Austin turned hurriedly towards the village, which already was in terrible excitement—figures rushing about, women shrieking, all with one accord running to the pit's mouth.

"There has been an explosion! I must go!" Frank said hastily. "I wouldn't come any nearer, dear; you can do no good."

But the girls were too excited to be left behind. As they ran down the lane, Colonel Vere and his friends dashed past them on the opposite side of the hedge, followed by their grooms. Nell caught hold of Olive's arm with a startled cry.

"Oh, Olive, there is Malcolm!"

She sank down upon a heap of stones white and trembling, while Olive looked at her in dismay.

"I can't stop, Nellie, I must go!" she cried. "I will come back."

A strange scene met her eyes as she came in sight of the pit. Groups of women and children—some shrieking wildly, others standing in white despair—hung about; and round the shaft a cluster of men, among whom Major Holt's red coat and Frank Austin's tall figure were distinctly visible, stood deep in consultation.

"Fifteen men were down, working in the far shaft."

So a woman standing near told Olive, with a quiet despair on her brown face.

"And my man is there."

"And mine."

"And my two boys."

From every side the voices sounded; and Olive felt awed and silenced in the presence of such a terrible calamity.

"Olive, look!"

And Nell crept up to her and pointed to the shaft.

A rescuing party, headed by Major Holt and Frank Austin, had just entered the cage. Nell, with straining eyes, watched it descend slowly out of sight, and then sank down on the grass and hid her face in Olive's dress.

"Courage, Nell; they will come back."

Olive knelt by her side and put her arm round the girl's trembling form; and then, all at once through the silence, came the roar of a second explosion.

How long they knelt holding each other's hands neither ever knew. They heard the women whispering around in hushed, awed voices; knew that the cage was drawn up and that a second party descended; by-and-by saw the unconscious figures tenderly lifted out—stupefied, senseless, driven back from their errand of mercy by the fierce deadly blast of the firedamp. Four of the men—the viewer and three miners—revived on reaching the purer air; but Major Holt and Frank Austin—the first to enter, the last to leave—still lay white and unconscious.

"Carry them in there." Colonel Vere pointed to the nearest house. "Has the doctor come? What is it, Norris?" For Major Holt's groom had approached, and, pointing towards Nell's kneeling figure, whispered something earnestly in the Colonel's ear. "Good heavens—his wife! Poor child!" he muttered, lifting his cap hesitatingly as Nell, still holding Olive's hand, came forward. "This way, Mrs. Holt," he said gently.

So together the two girls followed the mournful procession into the house; and Nell, leaving Olive, with her calm white face, at the door of the room where Frank Austin lay, followed Colonel Vere slowly upstairs; and knew all the time that, although in pity to her he did not say it, he thought she had come too late.

"Malcolm, it is I. Won't you speak to me, dear?"

Nell's soft cheek rested against his, Nell's kisses fell unheeded on his lips.

Gently she put back the wave of hair that had fallen over his temple; the caressing touch fell for once unheeded. Yet surely the eyelids quivered, surely a faint look of returning life began to steal over the placid face?

"Speak to him again—louder—louder still," Colonel Vere said eagerly.

Then, as Nell's despairing cry rang through the room, Malcolm opened his eyes with a bewildered look.

"Nell—is it really you?" he asked faintly.

And Nell, between tears and laughter, was clasped once more in her husband's feeble arms.

"One shall be taken and another left." Oh, awful sentence, full of unexplained mystery! Outside, round the pit's mouth, in the midst of the sunshine, wailings of despair, shouts of rejoicing, rose in strange discord, as, one by one, the dead and living were drawn up. Malcolm in one room, clasped in Nell's clinging arms, was coming back to life and love and joy unutterable; and in another was Olive kneeling by the bed where Frank Austin lay dead—dead, without a farewell word or look; gone from her into the silent land, beyond the mysterious veil which no human eye, however loving, can pierce, no human voice can penetrate.

Among the rough colliers of Langton Frank Austin's memory lingers still as the man who lived and labored and finally laid down his life for their sake; and in Olive's faithful heart he is crowned saint and hero for evermore. Could any man desire a better fate—a more enduring memorial?

Nell, infinitely happy in her home and husband's love, may sigh a little sometimes over Olive's blighted life, and Laura, who has attained the height of her ambition and is married at last, speak pityingly of poor Olive's unfortunate love affair.

But Olive herself is not unhappy. She has her work in the world to do; she has her painting and Mab to live for. And she knows that the end is not here; that some day the tangled skein will be made smooth, the broken threads taken up, the story made complete at last; and, knowing this, Olive is content to wait.

[THE END.]

RULERS AND STATESMEN.—Rulers and statesmen stand in the same relation to their country as mariners and pilots to the big ship which traverses the ocean. Entrusted with the safe conduct of vessels of State, it is in their province and duty, so to trim the sails, and so to hold the helm, as that the winds and storms of public opinion may be reasonably controlled, and made subservient to the legitimate progress and vital good of the people they govern. In the mental, as well as in the terrestrial atmosphere, all winds are not fair winds; and when statesmen have to contend with an ill-instructed public opinion, inflated by fanaticism or swayed by political passion, their responsibility is of no ordinary character. Vast masses of the people never think for themselves, but blindly follow some leaders or party to whom, as the result of accident, education, or self-interest, they have proffered their allegiance. What these leaders advise they commend and follow, no matter whither the policy tends. L. G. W.

A HUNT FOR HONEY.—"One day, when I was out riding in the bush in Australia," writes a correspondent, "I met a party of black fellows, four or five of them, out on the hunt for honey. Not knowing how they would find a nest, I became curious, and stayed with them to see how they would set about the business. After a short time, one of them spied a bee sucking a flower close by, and immediately went up to it, and took a small portion of swan's-down which he had with him, touched it with a little gum, and placed it upon the bee's back. The bee felt that something was wrong, and tried to free itself from the down, which of course it was unable to do. Then, without a moment's more hesitation, it made straight for home, as they always do when frightened. Now I saw why the black fellows had brought out the down and gum with them. The bee rose up in the air, just high enough for it to clear the tops of the trees. When at that height, it would have been extremely difficult to follow; but, with the piece of down sticking to its back, I could just catch a glimpse of it as it flew away. Now the wonderful eyesight of the natives came into play. From the time the first black fellow placed the down on the bee's back, he and his mates kept their eyes fixed intently upon it, which, as they had to run to keep up with its flight, was no easy matter. Wishing to see the fun out to the end, I went on with them, and derived great amusement from watching the men chasing the bee. As they knew full well it would be all up with them if they all took their eyes off the bee at the same time, they kept making the most extraordinary leaps and bounds over small branches and stones which chanced to lie in their road. They could see something in their path, but yet they dared not look down to see what it was; and the result was that all of a sudden one of them would make a tremendous bound into the air to clear a small log which he could easily have stepped over. However, at last the bee slackened its pace and came to an old eucalyptus-tree, with one of its branches broken off. In the hollow was the bee's nest. The bee alighted here and disappeared; but the black fellow had seen enough now. Taking out his axe, he proceeded to notch the bark, making a purchase for his toe, and by this means gained the nest. He soon returned with the honey."

TEA TASTING AS A PROFESSION.—It is not known to every one that tea tasting is a regular commercial profession, and one which is certain death to all who pursue it. The success of the tea taster depends upon the trained accuracy of his nose and palate, his experience in the ways of the market, and keen business tact. If he has these qualifications in high cultivation he may command a large salary as long as he lives—and die of ulceration of the lungs. In overhauling a cargo of tea he classifies it and determines the value of each sort. In doing this he looks at the color of the leaf and the general cleanliness of it. He next takes a quantity of the herb in his hand, and, breathing his warm breath upon it, sniffs up the fragrance. In doing this he draws into his lungs a quantity of irritating dust, which is by no means wholesome. Then, sitting down at a table in his office, on which is a long row of little porcelain cups and a pot of hot water, he "draws" the tea and tastes it. In this way he classifies the different sorts of the minutest shades, makes the different prices, and then compares his work with the invoice. The skill of some of these men is marvelous, but the effect of the business on their health is ruinous. They grow lean, nervous and consumptive.

SANGUINE.—At the moment when war was declared between France and Germany in 1870, the French were so sanguine of success that the Parisian streets abounded in such notices as—

"Maps of Germany sold within for the entry into Berlin," and "German-French dictionaries, for the use of the French when at Berlin!"

But the climax of arrogant assumption was reached when a Parisian cabman, on driving to the railway station a young Prussian officer about to rejoin his regiment, declined to accept his legal fare, saying coolly—

"No, sir, a man does not pay for his own funeral!"

THE PERSONAL DISCOMFORT, and the worry of a Constant Cough, and the Soreness of Lungs and Throat which usually attend it, are all remedied by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a safe medicine for Pulmonary disorders and Throat affections.

Scientific and Useful.

NUTMEGS.—The medicinal qualities of nutmegs are worthy of considerable attention, on account of their value in the treatment in diarrhœa, many cases quickly yielding to the administration of half a drachm in milk. Sleeplessness may be effectually relieved by them when opium fails and chloral is not advisable. They are also a sedative in delirium tremens, and can be given with safety and marked benefit.

COOLING BY MAGNETISM.—It is reported as an observed fact that the heat usually produced by friction is absent whenever the bodies brought in contact are magnetized. A striking example is described in a scientific periodical. A workman fastened two powerful magnets to his lathe, to hold more securely a piece of metal which he wished to drill and turn. The presence of the magnets kept the metal so cold that no water was needed to cool the drill.

PAPER HORSESHOE.—When paper horseshoes were first introduced into the cavalry service of the German army a few years ago they excited a good deal of interest. Several cavalry horses were first shod with the paper shoes and the effect observed. It was found that not only did the lightness and elasticity of the shoe help the horse on the march, making it possible for him to travel faster and farther without fatigue than horses shod with iron, but that the paper shoe had the property of being unaffected by water and other liquids.

TESTS OF STRENGTH.—One of the experiments made by those whose business it is to test the strength of dynamite, gun-cotton and other explosives is to place fresh-plucked leaves between two plates of panel steel and explode cartridges on the upper plate. The recoil in such cases is so great and sudden that the upper plate is driven downward with such force and rapidity as to catch exact impressions of the leaves before their delicate ribs have time to give way to the force of the blow. This novel method of engraving is one of the wonders of the century.

Farm and Garden.

WOOD ASHES.—Never waste wood ashes. Save every pound, and use them on the orchard land. Corn cobs are very rich in potash, and the ashes of such should be saved carefully.

PORK.—Pork raising should to some extent be part of the routine of every well-conducted farm. It should be followed up consistently, whether prices are high or low; but when they are low it requires careful attention to make the feeding profitable. The experience gained in the practice of economy at such times should contribute toward making the profit still better when prices tend upward.

OLEOMARGARINE.—Dr. Leffman, of Ohio, has discovered a simple method for detecting oleomargarine. If a sample of butter is placed in a glass tube or a tumbler and held over a flame until brought to a boiling point, it will bubble up in a foamy mass and almost overflow the tube. If a sample of oleomargarine be treated in the same manner it will not throw up bubbles, but simply splutter in the bottom of the tube.

THE FALL.—Now many people know that the early fall is the best time to apply stable manure to fruit trees. It gets then the full benefit of fall rains to wash its soluble parts into the soil. It starts the growth early in the spring when thus applied, while if applied in winter or early spring, though it may have rain enough to wash the manure into the soil, it is apt in summer to make too luxuriant a growth, which will not ripen well for winter, and in the pear is liable to be followed by blight.

CORN.—Corn-huskers, which husk the corn and cut the fodder into shreds, are now used. Standing corn is also cut by corn harvesters, with the riding plow, riding cultivator, corn harvester and corn husker and cutter, growing a corn crop is not so difficult as formerly. Potatoes are now cut by the use of implements, and potato planters, potato harvesters and potato "sorters" are no longer novelties. Even beans are now harvested by machinery, and the farmer's labor is being reduced to a minimum.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION,
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 5.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 725 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

Of Low Spirits.

To rise and see through the long day no object that can interest, no pleasure that can amuse, with a heart perpetually craving excitement, to pass mechanically through the round of unexcitable occupations—to make an enemy of time—to count the moments of his march—to be his captive in the prison house—to foresee no delivery but death—to be a machine and not a man, having no self-will and no emotion—wound up from day to day—things in a dream, in which we act involuntarily—feeling the best part of us locked up and lifeless, and that which is active a puppet to a power that fools us with its objectless fancies—passive, but not at rest—the deep and crushing melancholy of such a state, let no happier being venture to despise.

Despondency, then, from whatever cause, is the great cause of low spirits. Depression of spirit is caused by things external and by things internal—want of work; want of health.

The best prescription for depression of spirits generally is work—work which is all-absorbing. The poor who drudge for a living seldom develop chronic diseases of the nerves and mind, despite the greater hardships to which they are subjected. How often it happens that the woman of wealth who believes herself to be an invalid, and who is suddenly thrust into poverty, is able to meet the emergency, and forgets all the morbid tendencies in the necessity which calls forth her supreme strength.

A certain way of paralyzing our faculties is to allow them to waste with disuse. Employment keeps away the rust. It keeps the mind and heart alive to the interests of the day. It has been said that the reason why so many old men break down and become childish is because they abandon business and thus lose much of their every-day interest in the world around them. It is no uncommon thing to-day for people who are quite advanced in life to take up courses of study and successfully pass through them. All such occupations serve to keep the interest alive in something besides mere selfishness, and do more to ward away the "fumes of dusky melancholy" than all the herbs in the old wife's pot, on which our ancestors relied.

There is far less tendency to brooding now in this active, work-a-day world than there was formerly, when people had little to think upon but their pains and ills. The daily newspaper, the railroads, and the telegraphs which bind the interests of the world together in a common brotherhood, give now to even the most ignorant person, but little time for selfish brooding. But the great cause of low spirits is feeble health, disordered liver. A blue pill and a black draught will clear the sky, and lift a man from the depths. Black melancholy is often synonymous with black bile, and many a dark deed or foolish act has been done during a fit of temporary depression arising from dyspepsia.

Others, again, only need rousing up. Naturally morbid—naturally sensitive—they always see to-morrow's cloud in to-day's sky, and they are sad. They always look at the dark side of things, and make themselves and others miserable, till lowness of spirits becomes to them a second nature. This habit with some natures is easily acquired, and should be carefully guarded against at the outset. "Low Spirits" is a common excuse for a great deal of selfishness.

No one intentionally forms unjust judgments, but whoever reflects upon the almost insurmountable difficulties of reaching accurate ones will be at least more chary in making up his mind and more modest in giving it expression. Unless we are able not only to investigate character as a whole, but to comprehend and gauge that of each individual by itself, to understand not only his birth, his education, and his influences, but also his various qualities and the intricate workings of each upon each, we are not able to attain anything like a truthful estimate. Happily this difficult task is not required of us, or rather truth, honor and kindliness generally require us to abstain from attempting it. The law must decide upon certain actions as being prejudicial to the community, and restrain them accordingly; and we may each consult congeniality in the choice of our intimates; but no one is called upon to pronounce judgment upon his fellowmen, and no one of broad intelligence and true modesty will desire to do so, seeing that he cannot know all the facts.

THOSE persons who criticise society not for the purpose of doing it any good, but only in a captious and fault-finding spirit, will not be likely to be debarred by the fact that their course is fruitless. But there are many who are not of this stamp, who really and earnestly desire to see certain evils removed, certain improvements made, and the whole social fabric rise to a higher plane. They would gladly, if they could, help on this good work, but it seems too vast and too vague for them to attempt. Let such persons never lose sight of the truth that only by influencing the individual can society be influenced. Just as the gardener who would improve his grounds must patiently cherish each separate plant, so the patriot who would improve his nation and the philanthropist who would elevate the race must devote their energies to the improvement and the elevation of the individual members of those communities.

ENFORCED companionship without congeniality is one of the miseries of life, and by no means one of the least common miseries either. Numbers of people pass large parts of their lives in business, in society, and even in the home side by side with men and women whom they do not understand or care to find out. They undervalue their good points, magnify their faults, criticise their actions; there is no sympathy, no attraction, no responsiveness, no joy. On the other hand, there is constant danger of open rupture and strife, and, at best, the disagreeable necessity of continual self-restraint.

WHOLESALE and indiscriminate invectives are seldom of any use in reforming the evils people denounce, even when they are launched against individual offenders; but they are still more ineffective when directed against that great assemblage of people called society, for in all such attacks there is no one to feel the blow. Each person forms so minute a fraction of society that his share of the responsibility seems to him practically null and void Certainly, when blame is attached, each one counts himself out; the burden is too ponderous and the shoulders on which it is laid are too broad for him to feel any of its pressure upon himself. If this is the case with each unit in society, then society itself, being nothing but a multitude of units, remains untouched and uninfluenced.

WE cannot rightfully claim to have done great things or to be above our fellows in attained character; but we have a right to desire and to strive to be and to do a great deal better than those around us. A lofty aim is worthy of us, even though a lofty claim is not so. "Sit not down in the popular seats and common level of virtues," says Sir Thomas Browne, "but endeavor to make them heroical." It is not enough to be as good as the average man. Our striving should be after completeness in character and spotlessness in conduct. Anything below this standard should be below our aspirations and endeavors.

THE first consideration with a knave is how to help himself; and the second, how to do it with an appearance of helping you. Dionysius, the tyrant, stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a robe of massy gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying, "Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer; it behooves us to take care of Jupiter."

IT is in the evening, when work is done, that the substantial meal of the day should be taken. Restrictions with regard to articles of diet at this time are not, as a rule, necessary, though of course the stomach should not be overloaded. The diet however should be generous and the surroundings enjoyable.

LOOKING to others for our standard of happiness is a sure way to be miserable. Our business is with our own hearts and our own motives. And you cannot borrow time. There is no interest accumulating on the days as we pass them by. Every night the account is closed.

ALL the world, all that we are, and all that we have—our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins and our seldom virtues—are so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the deep valley of humility.

THE great high-road of human welfare lies along the highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent, and work in the true spirit, will invariably be the most successful. Success treads on the heels of every right effort.

MEN always grow vicious before they become unbelievers; but if you would once convince profligates by topics drawn from the view of their own quiet, reputation, and health, their infidelity would soon drop off.

THE higher feelings, when acting in harmonious combination, and directed by enlightened intellect, have a boundless scope for gratification. Their least indulgence is delightful, and their highest activity is bliss.

THAT which acts for an end unknown to itself, depends upon some overruling wisdom that knows that end. Who should direct them in all those ends, but He that bestowed a being upon them for those ends?

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R.—Statistics show that divorced men remarry to greater extent than divorced women.

C. C. N.—Both are correct. There is a kind of boat that is sometimes termed a scull, and there is also a peculiar single oar, used in propelling a boat from the stern, that is also termed a scull.

A. V. V.—Certain prepared toilet soaps, in which glycerine is one of the constituents, are claimed to whiten the skin by a peculiar stimulation of the tissues, but it is doubtful if they have much effect.

C. P. C.—Brobdignag is an imaginary country mentioned by Gulliver in his Travels. The inhabitants were enormous giants, being, according to his description, as tall as an ordinary church-steeple, with all their surroundings in proportion.

A. A. B.—"El Dorado" is a Spanish term meaning the "golden land." The name was first given by a Spanish navigator, in 1531, to a country which he pretended to have discovered in the interior of South America, between the Orinoco and Amazon Rivers. The term has since been applied to various regions in which gold has been found.

PARIS.—No. The Prussian princes, when they enter the army, sink their titles altogether in their military rank—that is to say, when they are on duty. The lieutenant prince is no better than other lieutenants. He has to do his work just like the others, and wherever he may be, he owes marks of submission and respect to his superior officers.

POST.—It is an Italian astronomer, Signor Schiaparelli, who announces that the planet Venus, like Mercury, turns but once on its axis in the course of a revolution around the sun. In other words, there is alteration of day and night on Venus, as on earth. The planet enjoys perpetual day on one side of its globe, while the other is plunged in unending night.

C. T. R.—A special kind of paper has been invented, which, it is alleged, is absolutely impervious to water, and will even stand boiling. The waterproofing can be carried out either after the paper is made or during the operation of making it, the latter being the better course. The process is especially applicable to papers for packing, and for this purpose will be of great value.

M. C.—The mixture or preparation for "japanning" leather consists simply of linseed oil and Prussian blue, the last coat being of linseed oil and lamp-black, put evenly over the surface as it lies spread out on a table. If any machine has been made to supersede the hand in this part of the work we do not know it. In the blacking of skins a mixture of ox blood and acetate of iron is now very often used.

A. N. T.—The founder of the present imperial line of Russia was Michael Romanoff, who was elevated to the throne in the year 1613. Peter the Great was his grandson, and the present Czar is circuitously descended from the same Romanoff line. There have been so many assassinations, and such strange admixtures in the Romanoff family, that it is difficult to say just exactly where the line of descent has actually run.

GEO.—The saltest piece of water on the earth is, according to Consul General Stewart, the Lake of Urumia, in Persia, situated more 4,000 feet above the sea level. It is much salter than the Dead Sea, the water being found on analysis to contain nearly 23 per cent. of salt. The lake is 84 miles long and 34 miles broad, and its northern coasts are encrusted with a border of salt glittering white in the sun. It is said that no living thing can survive in it, except a very small species of jelly fish. It is very shallow.

J. J. B.—The first thing in the case of bunions is to wear large and comfortable shoes. If the bunion is not inflamed put over it a piece of diachylon or lead plaster, and upon that a piece of thick leather having a hole the size of the bunion cut in it. This will remove the pressure. If inflamed it must be poulticed, and if severe be lanced, but this should be done by a medical man. The following ointment is recommended for an inflamed bunion: Iodine, twelve grains; lard, half an ounce well mixed; a portion about the size of a horse-bean to be rubbed gently on the bunion two or three times a day.

G. R.—1. We do not know the pendulum you speak but there are probably even heavier ones in the world. Making is weigh five hundred pounds is merely to have it harmonize with the other purely mechanical conditions of the clock. Its weight has nothing to do with its oscillation as a measure of time; this depends on length. Apart from the question of length, however, the weight may be due to its being what is known as a compensation pendulum. This is made up of zinc, iron and rods of other metals possessed of different expansibility under conditions of heat and cold. These rods are so adjusted that whether winter or summer the pendulum is always the same length giving the most correct results. 2. There are five cable companies operating eight cables between this country and Europe; they are all working. The companies are the Anglo-American Telegraph Co., the Western Union Telegraph Co., the Direct United States Cable Co., the Commercial Cable Co. and the Societe Francaise du Telegraphe de Paris a New York. 3. We do not state positively but from analogy yellow, as approaching the color of true light, should be visible at the greatest distance. Gray on the contrary being a mixture of white and black, and easily confounded with the blue of the horizon should be visible at a much less distance. On this principle gray and blue are preferred colors for the uniform of soldiers.

GOLDEN ROD.

BY W. W. LONG.

In the chilly breath of autumn
The roses' bloom is lost,
And the dahlia's beauty vanished
At the blighting kiss of frost;
The columbine and the orchid
Died in the lap of Fall,
And over the brown-draped meadows
No more comes the robin's call.

But down in the stony bracken
There's a royal gleam of gold,
Caught from autumn's sunshine,
Kissed by autumn's cold;
There's a wave of royal splendor
Caught up from the barren sod,
And we greet this child of autumn,
The stately golden-rod.

The Hired Baby.

BY MARIE CORELLI.

A DARK, desolate December night—a night that clung to the metropolis like a wet black shroud—a night in which the heavy, low-hanging vapors melted every now and then into a slow, reluctant rain, cold as icicle drops in a rock-cavern. People passed and repassed in the streets like ghosts in a bad dream; the twinkling gas-light showed them at one moment rising out of the fog, and then disappearing from view as though suddenly engulfed in a vaporous ebon sea.

With muffled angry shrieks, the metropolitan trains deposited their shoals of shivering, coughing travelers at the several stations, where sleepy officials, rendered vicious by the weather, snatched the tickets from their hands with offensive haste and roughness.

Omnibus conductors grew ill-tempered and abusive without any seemingly adequate reason; shopkeepers became flippant, disobliging and careless of custom; cabmen shouted derisive or denunciatory language after their rapidly-retreating fares; in short, everybody was in a discontented, almost spiteful humor, with the exception of those aggressively cheerful persons who are in the habit of always making the best of everything, even bad weather.

Down the long wide vista of the Cromwell Road, Kensington, the fog had it all its own way; it swept on steadily; like thick smoke from a huge fire, choking the throats and blinding the eyes of foot passengers, stealing through the crannies of the houses and chilling the blood of even those luxurious individuals who, seated in elegant drawing-rooms before blazing fires, easily forgot that there were such bitter things as cold and poverty in that outside world against which they had barred their windows.

At one house in particular—a house with gaudy glass doors and somewhat soiled yellow silk curtains at the windows—a house that plainly said to itself—"Done up for show!" to all who cared to examine its exterior—there stood a closed brougham, drawn by a prancing pair of fat horses. A coachman of distinguished appearance sat on the box; a footman of irreproachable figure stood waiting on the pavement, his yellow-gloved hand resting elegantly on the polished silver knob of the carriage door. Both these gentlemen were resolute and inflexible of face; they looked as if they had determined on some great deed that should move the world to wild applause—but, truth to tell, they had only just finished a highly satisfactory "meat-tea," and before this grave silence had fallen upon them they had been discussing the advisability of broiled steak and onions for supper.

The coachman had inclined to plain mutton-chops as being easier of digestion; the footman had earnestly asseverated his belief in the superior succulence and sweetness of the steak and onions, and in the end he had gained his point. This weighty question being settled, they had gradually grown reflective on the past, present and future joys of eating at some one else's expense, and in this bland and pleasing state of meditation they were still absorbed. The horses were impatient and pawed the muddy ground with many a toss of their long manes and tails, the steam from their glossy coats mingling with the ever-thickening density of the fog.

On the white stone steps of the residence before which they waited was an almost invisible bundle, apparently shapeless and immovable. Neither of the two gorgeous personages in livery observed it; it was too far back in a dim corner, too unobtrusive for the casual regard of their lofty eyes.

Suddenly the glass doors before mentioned were thrown apart with a clattering noise, a warmth and radiance from the entrance hall thus displayed streamed into the foggy street, and at the same instant the footman, still with grave and imperturbable countenance, opened the brougham.

An elderly lady, richly dressed, with diamonds sparkling in her gray hair, came rustling down the steps, bringing with her faint odors of patchouli and violet powder. She was followed by a girl of doll-like prettiness with a snub nose and petulant little mouth, who held up her satin and lace skirts with a sort of fastidious disdain as though she scorned to set foot on earth that was not carpeted with the best velvet pile. As they approached their carriage, the inert dark bundle, crouched in the corner, started into life—a woman with wild hair and wilder eyes—whose pale lips quivered with suppressed weeping as her piteous voice broke into sudden clamor:

"Oh, lady!" she cried, "for the love of God a trifle! Oh, lady, lady!"

But the "lady," with a contemptuous sniff and a shake of her scented garments, passed her before she could continue her appeal, and she turned with a sort of faint hope to the softer face of the girl.

"Oh, my dear, do have pity! Just the smallest little thing, and God will bless you! You are rich and happy—and I am starving! Only a penny! For the baby—the poor little baby!" and she made as though she would open her tattered shawl and reveal some treasure hidden therein, but shrunk back repelled by the cold, merciless gaze that fell upon her from those eyes in which youth dwelt without tenderness.

"You have no business on our doorstep," said the girl, harshly, "Go away directly, or I shall tell my servant to call a policeman."

Then as she entered the brougham after her mother she addressed the respectable footman angrily, giving him the benefit of a strong nasal intonation.

"Howard, why do you let such dirty beggars come near the carriage? What are you paid for, I should like to know? It is perfectly disgraceful to the house!"

"Very sorry, miss!" said the footman, gracely; "I didn't see the—the person before." Then shutting the brougham door, he turned with a dignified air to the unfortunate creature who still lingered near, and with a sweeping gesture of his gold-embroidered coat-sleeve, said majestically:

"Do you 'ear? Be hoff!"

Then having thus performed his duty, he mounted the box beside his friend the coachman, and the equipage rattled quickly away, its gleaming lights soon lost in the smoke laden vapors that drooped downward like funeral hangings from the invisible sky to the scarcely visible ground. Left to herself, the woman who had vainly sought charity from those in whom no charity existed, looked up despairingly as one distraught, and seemed as though she would have given vent to some fierce exclamation, when a feeble wail came pitifully forth from the sheltering folds of her shawl. She restrained herself instantly, and walked on at a rapid pace, scarcely heeding whither she went, till she reached the Catholic church known as the "Oratory." Its unfinished facade loomed darkly out of the fog; there was nothing picturesque or inviting about it, yet there were people passing softly in and out, and through the swinging to and fro of the red baize-covered doors there came a comforting warm glimmer of light.

The woman paused, hesitated—and then having apparently made up her mind, ascended the broad steps, looked in and finally entered. The place was strange to her—she knew nothing of its religious meaning, and its cold, uncompleted appearance oppressed her. There were only some half-dozen persons scattered about like black specks in its vast white interior, and the fog hung heavily in the vaulted dome and dark little chapels.

One corner alone blazed with brilliancy and color—this was the Altar of the Virgin. Toward it the tired vagrant made her way, and on reaching it sank on the nearest chair as though exhausted. She did not raise her eyes to the marble splendors of the shrine—one of the masterpieces of old Italian art; she had been merely attracted to the spot by the glitter of the lamps and candles, and took no thought as to the reason of their being lighted, though she was sensible of a certain comfort in the soft luster shed around her. She seemed still young; her face, rendered haggard by longer and bitter privation, showed traces of past beauty, and her eyes, full of feverish trouble, were large, dark and still lustrous. Her mouth alone—that sensitive betrayer of the life's good and bad actions—revealed that all had not been well with her; its lines were hard and vicious, and the resentful curve of the upper lip spoke of foolish pride, not unmixed with reckless sensuality. She sat for a moment or two motionless—then with exceeding care and tenderness she began to unfold her thin torn shawl by gentle degrees, looking down with anxious solicitude at the object concealed within. Only a baby—and withal a baby so tiny and white and frail that it seemed as though it must melt like a snow-flake beneath the lightest touch. As its wrappings were loosened, it opened a pair of large, solemn blue eyes, and gazed at the woman's face with a strange, pitiful wistfulness. It lay quiet, without moan, a pinched, pale miniature of suffering humanity—an infant with sorrow's mark painfully impressed on it stretched forth a puny hand and feebly caressed its protectress, and this, too, with the faintest glimmer of a smile. The woman responded to its affection with a sort of rapture; she caught it fondly to her breast and covered it with kisses, rocking it to and fro with broken words of endearment. "My little darling," she whispered, softly. "My little pet! Yes, yes, I know! So tired, so cold and hungry! Never mind, baby, never mind! we will rest here a little, then we will sing a song presently and get some money to take us home. Sleep awhile longer, dearie! There! now we are warm and cosy again."

So saying, she rearranged her shawl in closer and tighter folds so as to protect the child more thoroughly. While she was engaged in this operation, a lady in deep mourning passed close by her, and advancing to the very steps of the altar, knelt down, hiding her face with her clasped hands. The tired wayfarer's attention was attracted by this; she gazed with a sort of dull wonder at the kneeling figure robed in rich rustling silk and crape, and gradually her eyes wandered upward, upward, till they rested on the gravely sweet and serenely smiling marble image of the Virgin and Child. She looked and looked again—surprised—incredulous; then suddenly rose to her feet and made her way to the altar railing. There she paused, staring vaguely at a basket of flowers, white and odorous, that had been left there by some reverent worshipper. She glanced doubtfully at the swinging silver lamps, the twinkling candles; she was conscious, too, of a subtile strange fragrance in the air, as though a basket full of spring violets and daffodils had been carried by: then, as her wandering gaze came back to the solitary woman in black, who still knelt motionless near her, a sort of choking sensation came into her throat and a stinging moisture struggled in her eyes. She strove to turn this hysterical sensation to a low laugh of disdain.

"Lord, Lord!" she muttered beneath her breath, "what sort of place is this, where they pray to a woman and a baby?"

At that moment the woman in black rose; she was young, with a proud, fair, but weary face. Her eyes lighted on her soiled and poverty-stricken sister, and she paused with pitying look. The street wanderer made use of the opportunity thus offered, and in an urgent whisper implored charity. The lady drew out a purse, then hesitated, looking wistfully at the bundle in the shawl.

"You have a little child there?" she asked in gentle accents. "May I see it?"

"Yes, lady;" and the wrapper was turned down sufficiently to disclose the tiny white face, now more infinitely touching than ever in the pathos of sleep.

"I lost my little one a week ago," said the lady, simply, as she looked at it. "He was all I had." Her voice trembled, she opened her purse and placed a half crown in the hand of her astonished supplicant. "You are happier than I am; perhaps you will pray for me! I am very lonely!"

Then dropping her long crape veil so that it completely hid her features, she bent her head and moved softly away. The woman watched her till her graceful figure was completely lost in the gloom of the great church, and then turned again vaguely to the altar.

"Pray for her!" she thought. "I! As if I could pray!" And she smiled bitterly. Again she looked at the statue in the shrine; it had no meaning at all for her. She had never heard of Christianity save though the medium of a tract, whose consoling title had been, "Stop! You are going to Hell!" Religion of every sort was mocked at by those among whom her lot was cast, the name of Christ was only used as a convenience to swear by, and therefore this mysterious smiling, gently inviting marble figure was incomprehensible to her mind.

"As if I could pray!" she repeated, with a sort of derision. Then she looked at the broad silver coin in her hand and the sleeping baby in her arms. With a sudden impulse she dropped on her knees.

"Whoever you are," she muttered, addressing the statue above her, "it seems you've got a child of your own; perhaps you'll help me to take care of this one. It isn't mine; I wish it was! Any way, I love it more than its own mother does. I dare say you won't listen to the likes of me, but if there was a God anywhere about I'd ask Him to bless that good soul that's lost her baby. I bless her with all my heart, but my blessing ain't good for much. Ah!" and she surveyed anew the Virgin's serene white countenance, "you just look as if you understood me, but I don't believe you do! Never mind, I've said all I wanted to say this time."

Her strange petition, or rather discourse, concluded, she rose and walked away. The great doors of the church swung heavily behind her as she stepped out and stood once more in the muddy street. It was raining steadily—a fine, cold, penetrating rain. But the coin she held was a talisman against outer discomforts, and she continued to walk on till she came to a clean-looking dairy, where for a couple of pence she was able to replenish the infant's long ago emptied feeding-bottle, but she purchased nothing for herself. She had starved all day, and was now too faint to eat. Soon she entered an omnibus and was driven to Charing Cross, and alighting at the great station, brilliant with its electric light, she paced up and down outside it, accosting several of the passers-by and imploring their pity. One man gave her a penny; another, young and handsome, with a flushed intemperate face, and a look of his fast-fading boyhood still about him, put his hand in his pocket and drew out all the loose coppers it contained, amounting to three pennies and an odd farthing, and dropping them into her outstretched palm, said half gayly, half boldly:

"You ought to do better than that with those big eyes of yours!" She drew back and shuddered; he broke into a coarse laugh and went his way. Standing where he had left her, she seemed for a time lost in wretched reflections, the fretful wailing cry of the child she carried roused her, and hushing it softly, she murmured: "Yes, yes, darling, it is too wet and cold for you; we had better go." And acting suddenly on her resolve, she hailed another omnibus, this time bound for Tottenham Court Road, and was, after some dreary jolting, set down at her final destination—a dirty alley in the worst part of Seven Dials. Entering it, she was hailed with a shout of derisive laughter from some rough-looking men and women, who were standing grouped round a low gin shop at the corner.

"Here's Liz!" cried one. "Here's Liz and the bloomin' kid!"

"Now, old gel, fork out! How much 'ave you got, Liz? Treat us to a drop all round!"

Liz walked past them steadily; the conspicuous curve of her upper lip came into full play and her eyes flashed disdainfully, but she said nothing. Her silence exasperated a tangle-haired, cat faced girl of some seventeen years, who, more than half drunk, sat on the ground clasping her knees with both arms, and rocking herself lazily to and fro.

"Mother Mawks!" cried she, "Mother Mawks! You're wanted! Here's Liz come back with your babby!"

As if her words had been a powerful incantation to summon forth an evil spirit a door in one of the miserable houses was thrown open, and a stout woman, nearly naked to the waist, with a swollen, blotched and most hideous countenance, rushed out furiously, and darting at Liz, shook her violently by the arm.

"Where's my shullin'?" she yelled, "where's my gin? Out with it! Out with my shullin' and four-pence! None of your sneakin' ways with me; a bargain's a bargain all the world over! You're making a fortin' with my babby—yer know y'are: pays yer a deal better than yer old trade! Don't say it don't—yer knows it do. Yer'll not find such a sickly kid anywheres, an' its the sickly kids wot pays an' moves the 'arts of the kyind ladies and good gentlemen"—this with an imitative whine that excited the laughter and applause of her hearers. "You've got it cheap, I kin tell yer, an' if yer don't pay up reg'lar, there's others that'll take the chance, and thankful, too!"

She stopped for lack of breath, and Liz spoke quietly:

"It's all right, Mother Mawks, she said, with an attempt at a smile; "here's your

shilling, here's the four pennies for the gin. I don't owe you anything for the child now." She stopped and hesitated, looking down tenderly at the frail creature in her arms, then added, almost pleadingly. "It's asleep now. May I take it with me to-night?

Mother Mawks, who had been testing the coins Liz had given her, by biting them ferociously with her large yellow teeth, broke into a loud laugh.

"Take it with yer! I like that! Wot impereuce! Take it with yer!" Then, with her huge red arms akimbo, she added, with a grim, "Tell yer wot, if yer likes to pay me 'arf a crown, yar can 'ave it to cuddle an' welcome!"

Another shout of approving merriment burst from the drink-sodden spectators of the little scene, and the girl crouched on the ground, removed her encircling hands from her knees to clap them loudly, as she exclaimed:

"Well done, Mother Mawks! One does not let out kids at night for nothing! 'Tought to be more expensive than day-time!"

The face of Liz had grown white and rigid.

"You know I can't give you that money," she said, slowly. "I have not tasted bit or drop all day. I must live, though it doesn't seem worth while. The child," and her voice softened involuntarily, "is fast asleep; it's a pity to wake it, that's all. It will cry and fret all night, and—and I would make it warm and comfortable if you'd let me." She raised her eyes hopefully and anxiously, "Will you?"

Mary Mawks was evidently a lady of an excitable disposition. The simple request seemed to drive her nearly frantic. She raised her voice to an absolute scream, thrusting her dirty hands through her still dirtier hair as the proper accompanying gesture to her vituperative oratory.

"Will I! Will I!" she screeched. "Will I let out my hown babby for the night for nothing? Will I? No, I won't! I'll see yer blowed into the middle of next week fust! Lor' a' mussey! 'ow 'igh an' mighty we are gittin', to be sure! The babby'll be quiet with you, Miss Liz, will it, hindeed! An' it will cry an' fret with its hown mother, will it, hindeed!" And at every sentence she approached Liz more nearly, increasing in fury as she advanced. "Yer low hussy! D'ye think I'd let yer 'ave my babby for a hour unless yer paid for't? As it is, yer pays far too little. I'm an honest woman as works for my livin' an' wot drinks reasonable, better than you by a long sight, with your stuck-up airs! A pretty drab you are! Gi' me the babby; ye an't no business to keep it a minit longer;" and she made a grab at Liz's sheltering shawl.

"Oh, don't hurt it!" pleaded Liz, tremblingly. "Such a little thing; don't hurt it!"

Mother Mawks stared so wildly that her blood-shot eyes seemed protruding from her head.

"'Urt it! Hain't I a right to do wot I likes with my hown babby. 'Urt it! Well, I never! Look 'ere!" and she turned round on the assembled neighbors. "Hain't she a reg'lar one! She don't care for the law, not she! She's keepin' back a child from its hown mother!" And with that she made a fierce attack on the shawl and succeeded in dragging the infant from Liz's reluctant arms. Wakened thus roughly from its slumbers, the poor mite set up a feeble wailing; its mother, enraged at the sound, shook it violently till it gasped for breath.

"Drat the little beast!" she cried. "Why don't it choke an' 'ave done with it!"

And without heeding the terrified remonstrances of Liz, she flung the child roughly, as though it were a ball, through the open door of her lodgings, where it fell on a heap of dirty clothes, and lay motionless; its wailing had ceased.

"Oh, baby, baby!" exclaimed Liz, in accents of poignant distress. "Oh! you are cruel, cruel! Oh baby, baby!"

And she broke into a tempestuous passion of sobs and tears. The by-standers looked on in unmoved silence. Mother Mawks gathered her torn garments round her with a gesture of defiance, and sniffed the air as though she said, "Anyone who wants to meddle with me will get the worst of it." There was a brief pause; suddenly a man staggered out of the gin shop, smearing the back of his hand across his mouth as he came—a massively-built, ill-favored brute with a shock of uncombed red hair, and small, ferret-like eyes. He stared stupidly at the weeping Liz, then at Mother Mawks, finally from one to the other of the loafers who stood by. "Wot's the row?" he demanded, thickly. "Wot's up? 'Ave it out fair! Joe Mawks' ll stand by and see fair game. Fire away, my hearties! fire, fire away!" And with a chuckling idiot laugh he dived into the pocket of his torn corduroy trousers and produced a pipe. Filling this leisurely from a greasy pouch, with such unsteady fingers that the tobacco dropped all over him, he lighted it, repeating with increased thickness of utterance, "Wot's the row? 'Ave it out fair?"

"It's about your babby, Joe!" cried the girl before mentioned, jumping up from her seat on the ground with such force that her hair came tumbling all about her in a dark, dank mist, through which her thin, eager face spitefully peered. "Liz has gone crazy! She wants your babby to cuddle!" And she screamed with sudden laughter, "Eh, eh, fancy! Wants a babby to cuddle."

The stupefied Joe blinked drowsily and sucked the stem of his pipe with apparent relish. Then, as if he had been engaged in deep meditation on the subject, he removed his smoky consoler from his mouth, and said, "W'y not? Wants a babby to cuddle? All right! Let 'er 'ave it—w'y not?"

At these words Liz looked up hopefully through her tears, but Mother Mawks darted forward in raving indignation.

"Yer great drunken fool!" she yelled, to her besotted spouse, "aren't yer ashamed of yerself? Wot! Let out yer babby for a whole night for nuthin'? It's lucky I've got my wits about me; an' I say Liz sha'n't 'ave it! There now!"

The man looked at her and a dogged resolution darkened his repulsive countenance. He raised his big fist, clinched it, and hit straight out, giving his infuriated wife a black eye in much less than a minute. "An' I say she shall 'ave it. Where are ye now?"

In answer to the query Mother Mawks might have said that she was "all there," for she returned her husband's blow with interest and force, and in a couple of seconds the happy pair were engaged in a "stand up" fight, to the intense admiration and excitement of all the inhabitants of the little alley. Every one in the place thronged to watch the combatants and to hear the blasphemous oaths and curses with which the battle was accompanied.

In the midst of the affray, a wizened, bent old man, who had been sitting at his door sorting rags in a basket, and apparently taking no heed of the clamor around him, made a sign to Liz.

"Take the kid now," he whispered. "Nobody'll notice. I'll see they don't cry arter ye." Liz thanked him mutely by a look, and rushing to the house where the child still lay, seemingly inanimate, on the floor among the soiled clothes, she caught it up eagerly and hurried away to her own poor garret in a tumble-down tenement at the furthest end of the alley. The infant had been stunned by its fall, but under her tender care, and rocked in the warmth of her caressing arms, it soon recovered, though when its blue eyes opened they were full of a bewildered pain, such as may be seen in the eyes of a shot bird.

"My pet! My poor little darling!" she murmured over and over again, kissing its wee white face and soft hands; "I wish I was your mother—Lord knows I do! As it is, you're all I've got to care for. And you do love me, baby, don't you? just a little, little bit!" And as she renewed her fondling embraces, the tiny sad-visaged creature uttered a low crooning sound of baby satisfaction in response to her endearments—a sound more sweet to her ears than the most exquisite music, and which brought a smile to her mouth and a pathos to her dark eyes, rendering her face for the moment almost beautiful. Holding the child closely to her breast, she looked cautiously out of her narrow window, and perceived that the connubial fight was over. From the shouts of laughter and plaudits that reached her ears, Joe Mawks had evidently won the day; his wife had disappeared from the field. She saw the little crowd dispersing, most of those who compbsed it entering the gin shop, and very soon the alley was comparatively quiet and deserted. By and by she heard her name called in a low voice: "Liz! Liz!"

She looked down and saw the old man who had promised her his protection in case Mother Mawks should persecute her. "Is that you, Jim? Come upstairs, it's better than talking out there." He obeyed, and stood before her in the wretched room, looking curiously both at her and the baby. A wiry, wolfish-faced being was Jim Duds, as he was familiarly called, though his own name was the aristocratic and singularly inappropriate one of James Douglas; he was more like an animal than a human creature, with his straggling, gray hair, bushy beard and sharp teeth protruding like fangs from beneath his upper lip. His profession was that of an area-thief, and he considered it a sufficiently respectable calling.

"Mother Mawks has got it this time," he said, with a grin, which was more like a snarl. "Joe's blood was up and he pounded her nigh into a jelly. She'll leave ye quiet now; so long as ye pay the hire reg'lar ye'll have Joe on yer side. If so be as there's a bad day, ye'd better not come home at all."

"I know," said Liz, "but she's always had the money for the child, and surely it wasn't much to ask her to let me keep it warm on such a cold night as this."

Jim Duds looked meditative. "Wot makes yer care for that babby so much?" he asked. "Tain't your'n."

Liz sighed.

"No!" she said, sadly. "That's true. But it seems something to hold on to like. See what my life has been!" She stopped, and a wave of color flushed her pallid features. "From a little girl, nothing but the streets—the long cruel streets! and I just a bit of dirt on the pavement—no more; flung here, flung there, and at last swept into the gutter. All dark—all useless!" She laughed a little. "Fancy, Jim! I've never seen the country!"

"Nor I," said Jim, biting a piece of straw reflectively. "It must be powerful fine, with naught but green trees an' posies a-blowin' an' a-growin' everywheres. There ain't many kitching areas there, though I'm told."

Liz went on, scarcely heeding him: "The baby seems to me like what the country must be—all harmless and sweet and quiet; when I hold it so, my heart gets peaceful somehow—I don't know why."

Again Jim looked speculative. He waved his bitten straw expressively.

"Ye've had 'sperience, Liz. Hain't ye met no man like, wot ye could care fur?"

Liz trembled and her eyes grew wild.

"Men!" she cried with bitterest scorn—"no men have come my way, only brutes!"

Jim stared but was silent; he had no fit answer ready. Presently Liz spoke again more softly:

"Jim, do you know I went into a great church to day?"

"Worse luck!" said Jim, sententiously. "Church ain't no use nohow as fur as I can see."

"There was a figure there, Jim," went on Liz earnestly, "of a Woman holding up a Baby, and people knelt down before it. What do you s'pose it was?"

"Can't say!" replied the puzzled Jim. "Are ye sure sure 'twas a church? Most like 'twas a moo'seum."

"No, no!" said Liz. "'Twas a church for certain: there were folks praying in it."

"Ah, well!" growled Jim, gruffly, "much good may it do 'em! I'm not of the prayin' sort. A woman an' a babby, did ye say? Don't ye get such cranky notions into yer head, Liz! Women an' babbies are common enough—too common by a long chalk, an' as for prayin' to 'em—" Jim's utter contempt and incredulity were too great for further expression, and he turned away, wishing her a curt "Good-night!"

"Good-night!" said Liz, softly, and long after he had left her, she still sat silent, thinking, thinking, with the baby asleep in her arms, listening to the rain as it dripped, dripped heavily, like clods falling on a coffin-lid. She was not a good woman—far from it. Her very motive in hiring the infant at so much a day was entirely inexcusable—it was simply to gain money upon false pretenses, by exciting more pity than would otherwise have been bestowed on her had she begged for herself alone, without a child in her arms. At first she had carried the baby about to serve as a mere trick of her trade, but the warm feel of its little helpless body against her bosom day after day had softened her heart toward its innocence and pitiful weakness, and at last she had grown to love it, with a strange, intense passion—so much that she would willingly have sacrificed her life for its sake. She knew that its own parents cared nothing for it, except for the money it brought them through her hands, and often wild plans would form in her poor tired brains—plans of running away with it altogether from the roaring, devouring city, to some sweet, humble country village, there to obtain work and devote herself to making this little child happy. Poor Liz! Poor, bewildered, heart-broken Liz. Ignorant London heathen as she was, there was one fragrant flower blossoming in the desert of her soiled and wasted existence—the flower of pure and guileless love for one of those "little ones" of whom it hath been said by an All-Pitying Divinity unknown to her: "Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The dreary winter days crept on apace, and as they drew near Christmas, dwellers in the streets leading off the Strand grew accustomed of nights to hear the plaintive voice of a woman singing in a peculiarly thrilling and pathetic manner some of the old songs and ballads familiar and dear to the heart of every Englishman—"The Banks of Allan Water," "The Bailiff's Daughter," "Sally in our Alley," "The last Rose of Summer;" all these well-loved ditties she sang one after the other, and though her notes were neither fresh nor powerful, they were true and often tender, more particularly in the hackneyed, but still captivating melody of "Home, Sweet Home." Windows were opened and pennies freely showered on the street vocalist, who was accompanied in all her wanderings by a fragile infant, which she seemed to carry with especial care and tenderness. Sometimes, too, in the bleak afternoons, she would be seen wending her way through mud and mire, setting her weary face against the bitter east wind, and patiently singing on—and motherly women coming from the gay shops and stores, where they had been purchasing Christmas toys, for their own children would often stop to look at the baby's pinched, white features with pity, and would say, while giving their spare pennies, "Poor little thing! Is it not very ill?" And Liz, her heart freezing with sudden terror, would exclaim hurriedly, "Oh, no, no! It is always pale; it is just a little bit weak, that's all!" And the kindly questioners, touched by the large despair of her dark eyes, would pass on and say no more. And Christmas came—the birthday of the Child-Christ—a feast, the sacred meaning of which was unknown to Liz; she only recognized it as a sort of large and somewhat dull bank-holiday, when all London devoted itself to church-going and the eating of roast beef and plum pudding. The whole thing was incomprehensible to her mind, but even her sad countenance was brighter than usual on Christmas eve, and she felt almost gay, for had she not, by means of a little extra starvation on her own part, been able to pay for a wondrous gold and crimson worsted bird suspended from an elastic string, a bird which bobbed up and down to command in the most lively and artistic manner? And had not her hired baby actually laughed at the clumsy toy? laughed an elfish and weird, laugh, the first it had ever indulged in? And Liz had laughed, too, for pure gladness in the child's mirth, and the worsted bird became a sort of uncouth charm to make them both merry.

But after Christmas had come and gone, and the melancholy days, the last beating of the failing pulse of the Old Year throbbed slowly and heavily away, the baby took upon its wan visage a strange expression—the solemn expression of worn-out and suffering age. Its blue eyes grew more solemnly speculative and dreamy, and after awhile it seemed to lose all taste for the petty things of this world and the low desires of mere humanity. It lay very quiet in Liz's arms; it never cried, and was no longer fretful, and it seemed to listen with a sort of mild approval to the tones of her voice as they rang out in the dreary streets through which, by day and night, she patiently wandered. By and by the worsted bird, too, fell out of favor; it jumped and flitted in vain; the baby surveyed it with an unmoved air of superior wisdom, just as if it had suddenly found out what real birds were like, and was not to be deceived into accepting so poor an imitation of nature. Liz grew uneasy, but she had no one in whom to confide her fears. She had been very regular in her payments to Mother Mawks, and that irate lady, kept in order by her bull-dog of a husband, had been of late very contented to let her have the child without further interference. Liz knew well enough that no one in the miserable alley where she dwelt would care whether the baby were ill or not. They would tell her, "The more sickly the better for your trade." Besides, she was jealous—she could not endure the idea of any one tending it or touching it but herself. Children were often ailing, she thought, and if left to themselves without doctor's stuff they recovered sometimes more quickly than they had sickened. Thus soothing her inward tremors as best she might, she took more care than ever of her frail charge, stinting herself that she might nourish it, though the baby seemed to care less and less for mundane necessities, and only submitted to be fed, as it were, under patient and silent protest.

And so the sands in Time's hour-glass ran slowly but surely away, and it was New Year's eve. Liz had wandered about all day singing her little repertoire of ballads in the teeth of a cruel, snow-laden wind—so cruel, that people, otherwise charitably disposed, had shut close their doors and windows, and had not even heard her voice. Thus the last span of the Old Year had proved most unprofitable and dreary; she had gained no more than sixpence; how could she return with only that humble amount to face Mother Mawks and her vituperative fury? Her throat ached—she was very tired, and as the night darkened from pale to deep and starless shadows, she strolled mechanically from the Strand to the Embankment, and after walking some little distance she sat down in a corner close to Cleopatra's Needle—that mocking obelisk that has looked upon the decay of empires, itself impassive, and that still appears to say, "Pass on, ye puny generations! I, a mere carven block of stone, shall outlive you all!" For the first time in all her experience the child in her arms seemed a heavy burden. She put aside her shawl and surveyed it tenderly; it was fast asleep, a small, peaceful smile on its thin, quiet face. Thoroughly worn out herself, she learned her head against the damp stone wall behind her, and clasping the infant tightly to her breast, she also slept—the heavy, dreamless sleep of utter fatigue and physical exhaustion. The solemn night moved on, a night of black vapors; the pageant of the Old Year's death-bed was unbrightened by so much as a single star. None of the hurrying passers-by perceived the weary woman where she slept in that obscure corner, and for a long while she rested there undisturbed. Suddenly a vivid glare of light dazzled her eyes; she started to her feet half asleep, but still instinctively retaining the infant in her close embrace. A dark form, buttoned to the neck and holding a brilliant bull's eye lantern, stood before her.

"Come, now," said this personage, "this won't do! Move on!"

Liz smiled faintly and apologetically.

"All right!" she answered, striving to speak cheerfully and raising her eyes to the policeman's good-natured countenance, "I didn't mean to fall asleep here. I don't know how I came to do it. I must go home, of course."

"Of course," said the policeman, somewhat mollified by her evident humility, and touched in spite of himself by the pathos of her eyes. Then turning his lamp more fully upon her, he continued, "Is that a baby you've got there?"

"Yes," Liz said, half proudly, half tenderly. "Poor little dear! it's been ailing sadly—but I think it's better now than it ——"

And encouraged by his friendly tone, she opened the folds of her shawl to show him her one treasure. The bull's-eye came into still closer requisition, as the kindly guardian of the peace peered inquiringly at the tiny bundle. He had scarcely looked when he started back with an exclamation:

"God bless my soul!" he cried, "it's dead?"

"Dead!" shrieked Liz, "oh, no, no! Not dead! Don't say so, oh, don't, don't say so! Oh, you can't mean it! Oh, for God's love say you didn't mean it! It can't be dead, not really dead—no, no, indeed! Oh, baby, baby! You are not dead, my pet, my angel, not dead, oh, no!"

And breathless, frantic with fear, she felt the little thing's hands and feet and face, kissed it wildly and called it by a thousand endearing names, in vain—in vain! Its tiny body was already stiff and rigid; it had been a corpse more than two hours.

The policeman coughed, and brushed his thick gauntlet glove across his eyes. He was an emissary of the law, but he had a heart. He thought of his bright eyed wife at home, and of the soft-cheeked cuddling little creature that clung to her bosom and crowed with rapture whenever he came near.

"Look here," he said, very gently, laying one hand on the woman's shoulder as she crouched shivering against the wall, and staring piteously at the motionless waxen form in her arms, "it's no use fretting about it." He paused—there was an uncomfortable lump in his throat, and he had to cough again to get it down. "The poor little creature's gone—there's no help for it. The next world's a better place than this, you know! There, there! don't take on so about it"—this as Liz shuddered and sighed—a sigh of such complete despair that it went straight to his honest soul, and showed him how futile were his efforts at consolation. But he had his duty to attend to, and he went on in firmer tones: "Now, like a good woman, you just move off from here and go home. If I leave you here by yourself a bit, will you promise me to go straight home? I must not find you here when I come back on this beat, d'ye understand?" Liz nodded. "That's right!" he resumed, cheerily, "I'll give you just ten minutes; you just go straight home."

And with a "Good-night," uttered in accents meant to be comforting, he turned away and paced on, his measured tread echoing on the silence at first loudly, then fainter and fainter, till it altogether died away, as his bulky figure disappeared in the distance. Left to herself, Liz rose from her crouching posture; rocking the dead child in her arms, she smiled.

"Go straight home!" she murmured, half aloud "Home, sweet home! Yes, baby; yes, my darling we will go home together!"

And creeping cautiously along in the shadows, she reached a flight of the broad stone steps leading down to the river. She descended them one by one—the black water lapped against them heavily, heavily; the tide was full up. She paused; a sonorous, deep toned iron voice ran through the air with reverberating, solemn melody. It was the great bell of St. Paul's tolling midnight—the Old Year was dead.

"Straight home!" she repeated, with a beautiful expectant look in her wild, weary eyes. "My little darling! Yes, we are both tired, we will go home! Home, sweet home! We will go!"

Kissing the cold face of the baby corpse she held, she threw herself forward; there followed a sullen deep splash—a slight struggle—and all was over! The water lapped against the steps heavily, heavily as before; the policeman passed once more, and saw to his satisfaction that the coast was clear; through the dark veil of the sky one star looked out and twinkled for a brief instant, then disappeared again. A clash and clamor of bells startled the brooding night—here and there a window was opened and figures appeared in balconies to listen. They were ringing in the New Year—the festival of hope, the birthday of the world! But what were New Years to her who, with white upturned face, and arms that embraced an infant in the tenacious grip of death, went drifting, drifting solemnly down the dark river, unseen, unpitied by all those who awoke to new hopes and aspirations on that first morning of another life-probation! Liz had gone—gone to make her peace with God—perhaps through the aid of her "hired" baby—the little sinless soul she had so fondly cherished, gone to that sweetest "home" we dream of and pray for, where the lost and bewildered wanderers of this earth shall find true welcome and rest from grief and exile—gone to that fair, far Glory-World where reigns the Divine Master whose words still ring above the tumult of ages: "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that their Angels do always behold the face of My Father who is in Heaven!"

Shying!—Dr. S., says a contributor to Harper, was noted among his professional brethren for his power of concentration. When he bent his mind to a problem, he became totally oblivious of everything about him. The doctor had a mare that that was almost as famous as himself. Among her peculiarities was the habit of shying. She would not shy at things which most horses consider fit subjects for that sort of digression. She would pay no attention whatever to a newspaper blowing about the streets, but was mortally afraid of a covered wagon. At the sight of one of New Haven's suburban "stages" she would run over the curbstone and threaten not only the doctor's life, but that of the chance passer. Of this habit she could not be broken. It seemed as though she could smell a "stage" long before it came in sight, so that the doctor would go half a dozen blocks out of his way rather than meet one. Early one morning he received a telephone call to the effect that one of his patients had become alarmingly worse. Without waiting for his carriage, he started to walk, the distance being about a mile. His mind became at once absorbed in the case, but not so much so that he did not remember that the course of the Seymour "stage" lay right in his path. He looked at his watch and saw that he would be sure to meet it if he went the shortest way. He was in a hurry to go to his patient, but there was no help for it. He uttered a malediction over the circumstance, and turned off at the first corner. This obliged him nearly to double the distance, and the day was warm. He walked as he never walked before, and failed to recognize a couple of intimate friends whom he nearly ran against. It was not until he had spent two hours with his patient, and came out to look for his horse, that he began to realise that he had walked a mile out of his way so that he need not shy at the Seymour "stage"!

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is being told of Eugenie that on a late visit to Paris she went "incog" to a fashionable palmist to have her fortune read. As part of the necromancer's art is not to see his fair penitents, she had to put her hand through a slit in a screen. After quite a cursory examination, the fortune teller said: "Madame, your hand is so extraordinary that one of two things must be the truth; either my skill must be at fault for once, and I see impossible events, or you must be the Empress Eugenie, for no other hand could tell of such strange vicissitudes."

The engineering papers foresee some difficulties growing out of the extension of trolley lines upon country roads. One says the ordinary highway bridges are not strong enough to safely carry trolley cars; that grade crossings will need serious consideration; and that the maintenance of that portion of the roadway not occupied by the trolley tracks will be likely to become a subject of dispute. The electric lines will assuredly be of great local advantage; but it would be well to have settled at the outstart certain practical questions which, neglected, may lead to costly and disadvantageous controversies.

A traveler who was passing through China states that, while ascending a small river, he came across a large boat, the thwarts of which were lined with cormorants. They each had a lanyard attached to one leg, and gazed constantly and intently into the water. They would dive overboard, sometimes singly and again three or four at a time, and return almost invariably with fish in their bills. When anyone returned without a fish he was beaten by the Chinaman who sat in the boat, or if he ate the fish he was beaten. The successful cormorants were occasionally rewarded by being given a small fish.

A despatch to a New York paper says that Judson Pulver, a farmer, of Wolcott, N. Y., had a cat that hated dogs. Mr. Pulver and the cat were in the barn a day or two ago, and the cat went to sleep on a barrel. Mr. Pulver was in a playful mood and he got down on all fours like a dog, and, with a bark and a snarl, upset the barrel, with intent to provide himself amusement in seeing the cat run. The cat ran, but not in the direction Mr. Pulver expected. The fight lasted five minutes. Then Mrs. Pulver and the children sorted out the combatants and sent for the doctor. That professional gentleman arrived too late to save the cat, but he hopes to pull Mr. Pulver through.

The Danes have a society known as "The Maiden Assurance Society." Its methods are described: As soon as a girl-child is born to him the father enrols her name, and pays thereafter a fixed sum to the society. When she has reached the age of—we believe—twenty-one, and is not married, she becomes entitled to a fixed income and to a suite of apartments in a large building of the association, with gardens and park about it, and inhabited by the other young or older ladies who have thus become members. If her father dies in her youth, and she desires it, she has shelter in this building, and at a fixed time her own income. When she dies or marries, all this right to income lapses, and the money paid in swells the endowment of the association. The plan has worked well for generations in Copenhagen.

The fact that Princeton College attributes the smaller size of her freshman class of this term to the "hazing" troubles of last year furnishes a commentary on modern college life which is worth emphasizing. It is to be hoped that all the higher institutions of learning throughout the land will take deeply to heart the moral of Princeton's present experience. The foolish custom of "hazing" is a relic of the Dark Ages of college history, and should be banished forever to the limbo of absurdities. It would be a heartless thing to rob college boys of a tithe of their happiness and joy—the salt that gives savor to study; it would be equally cruel to condemn college sports, properly indulged—the compromise of body with brain. But it is the height of folly to permit bright young collegians to make fools of themselves under the mistaken notion that silliness is one of the privileges to be enjoyed at college.

A chemist of Algiers announces that he has invented a process for concentrating wine in tablets. Henceforth, we are told, travelers will be able to carry great casks of wine in diminutive boxes. The ripe grapes are taken, the stalks removed, and the fruit pressed. The liquid is then pumped into a vacuum evaporator, heat is applied, and at a sufficient temperature vapor is produced, which is passed into a refrigerator. The result is a thick and syrupy liquor, which is afterward mixed with the grape pulp and pips. The mixture is pressed into tablets which, it is alleged, will keep indefinitely. To make wine it is only necessary to add the amount of water which has been evaporated. A good wine, of fine flavor, and of from eight to nine degrees of alcoholic strength is obtained. The tablets contain about 80 per cent. of grape sugar. It is suggested that the tablets, mixed with a little water or diluted in soup maigre, would prove very nourishing as a ration when campaigning or traveling.

How He Was Impressed.—Here is a good story at the expense of Armour, the big meat man of Chicago. The mayor of New York, while on a visit to Chicago, went over Armour's place. While standing with the manager at a window which overlooked a great yard, he saw a herd of oxen driven in. A few minutes later there was a great rattle and crash, which turned out to be the result of hundreds of cans falling down a shoot.

"What's in those cans?" he asked the manager.

"Oh," was the reply, "they contain all that's left of those bullocks you just saw driven by!"

"Indeed!" said the enlightened traveler. "That is simply marvelous! Just wait a minute while I make a note of it."

And, producing a note-book, he rapidly scribbled down something, while the manager exchanged winks with an assistant working at a neighboring desk. When the New Yorker got back to his hotel that evening, he was interviewed by a Chicago pressman, who, among other questions, said, "I believe you have been to Armour's place to day? What do you think of it?"

"Well," said the mayor slowly, "I was much impressed with Armour's concern. See—here is a note I made of the occurrence that struck me particularly," and, producing his note book, he turned to the entry that he had made at Armour's and handed it to the reporter to read. It ran thus—"I have been about a good bit in my time, and have met some thundering liars, but never such thundering ones as Armour's folk."

Resented such an Imposition.—An old lady visiting the World's Fair went to see the incubators and, complaining of the expense of keeping fowls, said that, if it were cheaper, she would buy an egg-hatching machine. After she had asked various questions, the gentleman in attendance proceeded to show her the drawers in which were deposited the eggs in different stages. On these the old lady looked in astonishment.

"What!" she exclaimed; "do you use eggs?"

"Certainly," was the attendant's answer.

"Well," said she, "I consider it a perfect piece of imposition—a downright swindle—to pick the pockets of honest, hard-working folks! Why, anybody can hatch chickens with eggs! I can do it myself!"

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

Write for instructions and advice.

John Wedderburn,
618 F Street,
P. O. Box 386. Washington, D. C.

Our Young Folks.

WHY THE LION JUMPED.

BY T. S. C.

THERE was once a traveling menagerie, where visitors were very much amused by the snoring of the lion.

The boys would say to the keeper, when he came round with the barrow of bones: "Oh, do give the lion a second piece of beef; we want to hear him snore."

And if the lion ate an extra good dinner, when he had finished wrinkling his nose in chewing the bones, and licking his lips, his sleepy eyes closed, his chin sank on his paws, and, after a big sigh or two, he snored very comfortably.

Now this lion had seen a good deal of the world since he went through the African forests, roaring at night, and keeping away from the Arab fires.

Even at the menagerie there was a great deal to be seen. The whole show traveled about the country in vans and cages on wheels; and whenever it came to a standstill the wheeled cages were put all round under a very large tent, and there were performances in the middle—conjurers knocking up balls, and acrobats jumping and climbing, and even circus riders going round and round on horseback.

One day the keeper and the clown were talking near the cage.

"We are going to have a holiday to-morrow," said the clown. "Circus closed for a day! I shall be able to wash the paint off my face, and go out."

The keeper was glad of the news. "That's grand!" he said. "I must give the animals a double share first thing in the morning, and go out too."

The lion was always too proud to take any notice of mere human beings. But this was such good news—a double share first thing in the morning—that he could not help singing for to-morrow to come; and as he was very big and very strong, his sigh took the form of a roar, and made the clown and the keeper jump.

"I should not like him to get out for a holiday," said the clown, with a grin.

"He is as mild as a lamb. We are old friends," said the keeper. "Don't make such a noise, old fellow! Just wait and see what bones I shall bring you in the morning. To-morrow always comes."

But the lion paced up and down, shaking his cage with his heavy tread. He could not go to sleep all night with thinking of to-morrow.

But, as his friend said, to-morrow always comes.

It was true: the menagerie and circus were closed for the day. The people did not come in as usual, staring and making rude remarks about the animals. The clown wore a black suit of clothes and a top hat, and the lion gazed at him a whole minute before he recognized him; and he would never have known him at all had not the gentleman in the black suit and top hat called out, just in the usual way, "Here we are again!"

After that the lion expected to see him turn a somersault; but he did not. Instead, he offered a cigar to a very pale man in terribly stiff and new gray clothes. The pale man took three cigars, and tossed them up all at once.

"I declare," said the lion to himself, "that white-faced man is the darky chief that reminds me of home. He can keep up three balls at once, and walks about with a stick on the end of his nose, and a plate spinning on top of it. I have seen the master's van painted: these men have painted themselves for the holiday, like all the common pink and white people."

Just then the roll of the barrow began—heavy and early. The lion went striding and stamping up and down, and joined in the storm of roaring and screeching that came from all the cages.

"Here you are, my friend!" said the keeper, and pushed in four big bones under his bars. It was the greatest feed the poor beast had ever had since those mornings when he went out marketing in Africa, and ran away with a sheep or a goat.

He had picked all the joints clean, and was lying down, beginning to doze, when the keeper came along, bringing the barrow back.

"How do you feel, old boy?" said he.

"Beautiful, thank you," said the lion, stretching his nose towards him, and looking out with sleepy eyes under mountains of mane.

"Would you like to have a holiday?" said the keeper, understanding him for the first time.

"Oh, wouldn't I!" said the lion.

The keeper looked round at the other cages. "Perhaps you would all like a holiday?" he asked.

Roars were the answer. He understood what they meant.

"Now, there must be an agreement," he said. "Will you all promise not to eat each other, if I let yet out?"

They roared "Yes!" and the lion roared loudest of all.

"Will you all promise to turn your faces to the wall when I unlock the cages, and not to stir till I have got my heels out at the menagerie doors?"

Again they roared "Yes!"

"Will you all promise to go into your cages—honor bright!—at six o'clock, and to sit in the farthest corners, with your heads to the wall, and not look at me when I come back, till I have locked all the cages again? Because, you know, I might feel nervous."

The animals promised "Yes!" violently, and went at once into the back corners of their cages, and sat most honorably with their noses to the wall, and kept quite still, all except the tips of their tails, until every one went out for a holiday, and the keeper came and unlocked the cages, and went himself last. They heard him lock the great door behind him. But what did that matter, since they were free inside? Now for it! With a shout and yell of delight, they all come bounding out of their cages.

Poor old lion! He had been looking out for years through those bars. He had been fed on bones and water, water and bones; or, for variety, bones in the water and water on the bones. There had not been much change for him, and day after day he had looked with contempt on the girls and boys who actually offered to him—the king of beasts—buns and orange-peel.

The white bear and the brown bear over the way were not so dignified; they often stood gaping with their mouths wide open for all the buns and orange-peel that could be thrown in. But now the grand change had come for the lion at last, and roaring and lashing his tail, he sprang out for a holiday.

They had great fun. There was a big-beaked Indian bird, called an adjutant, who so far unbent from his usual gravity as to lie on his back and toss up eggs, in order to amuse the others. He said he had often kicked up eggs at home on the river bank, while the other birds watched him, and wondered how he did it. But when he tried the trick here, he could manage one egg, or even two, but the three eggs fell and broke all over him.

The alligator, who was very fond of eggs, came and sucked them up greedily, under the pretence of cleaning the Indian gentleman's waistcoat.

"Sir," said he to the unhappy bird, "the negro chief who keeps up three balls at a time is a genius to be admired, but not to be imitated."

Then came the circus-riding. Our knowing friend, the alligator, who felt quite frisky after his meal, selected a fat horse with a wide back, and said he would be the young lady on horseback. So he rode round and round, and then tried to skip through a scarf, and floundered down on the sand.

"Ah!" said the Indian adjutant, greatly comforted by his failure; "the girl on horseback is a genius to be admired, but not to be imitated."

"Now let us have some jumping," said the brown bear. "Do you remember how it was done on Saturday, when the village lads came in and had a contest? Here is the spring-board, and there is the mattress. Now we shall see who jumps best. Let everybody run up along the spring-board, and go head over heels on to the mattress. You can't be hurt. Animals with long legs had better take their heels in their hands."

They went scampering up the spring-board. First the armadillo, a little fellow covered with scales; he was ready at once, and very courageous, because his back was hard enough to make a hole in the mattress. The leopard looked splendid, and was so conceited that he came down on his fore-paws, and walked away upside-down, with his tail in the air, just to show how easy it was. The flamingo flew heels over head like a flare of scarlet. The deer went timidly, and was thankful when it was done.

Our friend the lion jumped heartily, like a jolly good fellow, turning a fine somersault all in a bundle, and holding his heels the while.

The great ant-eater came next, with his pointed head, and his brush of a tail for sweeping the ants together. The seal took a "header," as if he was going into the water.

But when the big kangaroo came along—jump—jump—jump—the brown bear, who was manager, interfered.

"Excuse me," said he, "you ought not to enter this competition. It is not fair to the others. You spend half your time jumping. Think of the practice you have had. Look at the tail you have got. What do you want a spring-board for? Jump off your tail on the ground."

The kangaroo ought to have understood such plain reasoning. But he said the brown bear was unkind, and nearly began to cry. "He has asked me," said the kangaroo, "to jump on the ground until I jump my tail off."

"No, no, no!" said the bear.

"You did!" said the kangaroo.

"I did not!" said the bear, indignantly.

"Jump my tail off, indeed, for your amusement!" repeated the kangaroo. "I'd rather have left it in Australia, to have it made into soup. Of course," he added, with a sneer, "you would like me to lose my tail; you have got none."

Was there ever a holiday without a cloud? It was a pity that the jumping, which had gone so gaily, should end in a quarrel. Just at the right time the monkeys came along, and put an end to the dispute. Of course they could not be allowed to compete, or no one would have any chance, but they rushed up the board, and shot up like balls into the air, and made such confusion that the game ended.

The white bear solemnly balanced a bamboo on his chest, and paraded slowly round the show, with a couple of the nimble monkeys hanging on to the top of the stick. But in the midst of the performance somebody happened to remark that a piece of a bun had been left on the ground since yesterday.

"Where is the bun?" said the bear, falling on his fore-paws, and eagerly opening his mouth.

"Ah!" said the monkeys, picking themselves up; "the black chief does not drop everything and open his mouth when he sees a bun. The black chief is a genius to be admired, but not to be imitated."

This made the white bear sulky, and he rolled about in the middle of the tent, howling and growling.

The clock struck six.

The lion hurried back into his cage, and sat at the back, with his face to the wall, roaring to the others to go home too.

"What is the matter, old fellow?" said the keeper's voice outside the bars. "Are you waking up hungry?"

The lion looked round. The tent was growing dark. The white bear was not lying in the middle, but standing up in his cage opposite, clutching the bars, and opening his mouth for buns. All the beasts and birds were in their cages.

Then the lion gave a great roar, because he was sorry to awake. And the keeper did not understand him.

"Send the barrow along," said the man. "I suppose he wants his supper."

And the lion could not explain that he was sorry he woke, though he and the keeper had understood each other so well that morning, when the animals promised to sit with their noses to the wall if they got a holiday.

ANOTHER ASPECT.—"Were you ever in love?" asked the young man with the scented moustache of the bald-headed stranger with whom he was playing cards in the smoking car.

"Was I ever in love?" mused he of the sheeny pate, examining his and trying to remember whether the paste-board in his opponent's hand was the eight of clubs or the ten of diamonds. "Was I ever in love! —hum—well, I'm sure I don't know."

"Why!" cried the youth vehemently, "if you ever had been you'd know it. You'd know it! You see, it's this way: when you're in love you've simply got to have the girl by hook or by crook. You can't live without her. You think of her by day, dream of her night, live for her alone. She is the——"

"Were you ever married?" interrupted the elder savagely.

"No, sir; but——"

"Well, if you ever had been you'd know it. You'd know it! You see, it's this way——"

But, arriving at this moment at a station, the young man had fled, leaving a faint odor of crushed violets behind him.

TINY trees and flowering plants, ponds, bridges, and lanterns, dwarf pines, six or eight inches high but one hundred years old, and peony plants of equal age, but eight feet high, are some of the wonders that are to be seen in Japanese flower gardens.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Mexicans eat salt with their oranges.

A 40-pound child was born at Macon, Ga., lately.

Iron making was commenced in South Carolina in 1773.

About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment.

A needle passes through 80 operations before it is perfectly made.

A beet weighing 8½ pounds was recently grown on a Nevada farm.

Three and a half millions of people are always on the seas of the world.

It is estimated that 90,000 pianos are manufactured every year in London.

Manilla paper pasted over the backs of pictures will exclude dust perfectly.

South Carolina leads the other States in her rice crop, and stands fifth in cotton.

The new Union Station in St. Louis, said to be the largest in the world, covers 11¾ acres.

Two thousand two hundred trains, it is said, leave London ordinarily every 24 hours.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer, for whom the ladies' costume known as bloomers was named, lives at Council Bluffs, Ia.

In shipping perishable goods it is well to cover them with two sheets of heavy paper, weighing about 1½ pounds each.

The latest modern improvement is to drop the M in the abbreviations A. M. and P. M.; as, for example, 11 A. and 4.30 P.

Musk is obtained from an abdominal sac in the male of a small hornless deer inhabiting the higher mountains of central Asia.

Omsk, in Siberia, has just been connected with St. Petersburg by the completion of the first 500 miles of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

A Bible written on palm leaves, of which there are 5878 bound together, is one of the curiosities in the library of a German university.

Irish potatoes in a store, with a cellar under them, will stand a temperature of 10 degrees, and without a cellar a zero temperature will not hurt them.

A curious kind of leather is fish leather, which is used in Berlin for shoe straps, purses, etc. It is of clear, good color, supple, and tough enough to be useful.

In a loaf of newly-made bread Dr. Waldo, a London health officer, found 13 different kinds of microbes, and older bread showed even greater versatility.

Mrs. Bayard, wife of our Ambassador to England, has been more than once invited to remain over night at Windsor Castle, a mark of the Queen's favor which has caused her to be greatly envied.

When the vessels which are now in process of construction are completed the new navy of the United States will consist of 45 vessels, ranging in size from 11,300 tons down to 120 tons displacement.

A Sarpy county, Neb., schoolteacher has just had his ear vigorously hauled on by a former pupil whose ear he pulled 15 years ago, and who waited till he had grown big enough to reciprocate with safety.

Every year a Jewish girl in Frankfurt, Germany, receives a dowry of $2500, the income of a bequest by Baron Rothschild. Any respectable Jewess not younger than 17 or older than 30 may apply, and lots are drawn for the prize.

The Church of Apostolic Faith and Order is the name of a new religious sect in St. Louis. The movement is a return to primitive methods of Christianity, and omits choirs, pews, salaried preachers and the many refinements of modern Christianity.

A remarkable instance of the distance roots of trees will go to moisture was shown at Caldwell, Kansas, when a 65-foot well was cleaned out. A cottonwood tree stood about 25 feet from the well, and at the bottom of it were found numerous roots of the tree.

Something new in the way of foreign business enterprise in New York is found in a firm of Turks who have recently established themselves in what is known as the uptown section of the metropolis. Repairing rugs will be the employment of the new firm.

The Treasury Department recently ruled that packs of cards known as "old maid," "authors," and similar games which are played with cards other than the regular pasteboards used in duplicate whist, euchre, etc., are not subject to the two cent duty.

The "Blatner cask," built for the Blatner Brewing Company, of Munich, is 105 feet in diameter and 51 feet deep. At the inauguration ball 270 couples took part, and at one time there were 500 people, exclusive of waiters, musicians, etc., on the floor of the cask.

The city of Kempen, in Germany, has planned an historical festival of a novel kind for the celebration of its six hundredth year of existence. There will take part in it a number of German warriors, representing the costumes worn 50 years before the birth of Christ.

LOVE SLEEPS.

BY W. W. L.

Sweet love in slumber lies,
Ah! he has slept so long;
Bend o'er him, lady fair,
And sing the dear old song.

Sing as of yore you sang,
Sing without note of fear;
Perhaps from this long sleep
Your song will wake him, dear.

ANIMAL LANGUAGE.

It used to be told in the fairy tales that the hero could hear the grass grow and speak with the animals. In reality it is not likely that we ever shall develop the sense of hearing sufficiently to hear the grass grow, but it is quite likely that we shall be able to converse with the beasts of the field. But, do the beasts have a language?

When we speak of language in this connection, it must be understood, that we do not mean articulate speech. We take the word in its broadest sense as an expression for the means of mental communication existing between one creature and another. A sound or gesture made by an animal under any mental or emotional impression, and calling out a similar one in another animal, is an an element of language.

When the rabbit quickly beats the ground, its fellow-rabbits know that there is danger somewhere, and they take action accordingly. That is rabbit language. When the hunter imitates the rabbit and thus conveys the same ideas, he is "speaking" the rabbit language for the time being. Many animals use signs, which, of course, are understood through the eyes. The ants converse by touching antennæ and feet; many insects rub the elytra. This is animal language in its simplest form. It expresses but few ideas. But there are animals which are capable of modulating their "voices." Even the common rabbits, which seem to be mute, are constantly making sounds, which a little observation will soon discover to be ever changing in volume, modulation, etc. Much of this method of communication changes when the animal is brought into civilization from the wild state. The wild-dog, for instance, barks very little while in freedom. How the household dog barks and is able to express himself is well-known. It has been observed that if the tamed dog is taken back to the wild state, he loses his voice.

These "sounding voices" are produced in the animal throat in a way similar to human language, but are not "voices" proper, nor "languages" proper, and yet they are full of psychological expression and reveal the animal's psychic states. If we tickle a chimpanzee in the armpit, the touch produces a grin on the face similar to that of a man under like circumstances; he also emits laughter-like sounds. The same is the case with the orang-outang. The gorilla knits the brow when angry, just like men. We often observe in apes a complete change in the facial muscles, when something is going to happen, be it agreeable or disagreeable. It is so also with the child. In the apes there is evidently the same connection between the facial muscles and vocal muscles as in man.

If animals are able to express every idea they have, why not allow them a language? To be sure, a very undeveloped language, yet relatively no farther from civilization than that of a Pesherah, which in European ears sounds like animal screams and yells. Bechstein has noted that the chaffinch expresses a joyous emotion by a single sharp "Fink," and anger by "Fink—Fink—Fink!" sorrow and sympathy by "Trif—Trif."

Houzeau has found that the common hen has at least ten distinct sounds, well understood by the other chickens. Rengger observed that the long-tailed Cebus of South America expressed astonishment by a sound between whistling and screeching, impatience by repeating "hu! hu!" and that he had a peculiar scream for pain or fear. Darwin thought he observed ten distinct sounds in the same ape, all of which called forth corresponding states of mind in other apes. Brehm says the same. However, why quote the learned? We have all, in everyday life, observed something similar.

Dr. Garner's experiments in the Simian language are also known. One must, however, guard against the belief that monkeys possess an articulated language. About some savages it can hardly be said that they possess an articulate language. The Bushmen speak in a sort of articulated "voicing," and must add gesture to make themselves understood. On the other hand, the raven, the mocking-bird, the thrush, the starling, etc., express themselves in well-articulated sounds. The parrots articulate in a surprising manner, though they do not understand the meaning of their own words. This shows that other living beings beside man possess the necessary organs for articulated sounds.

The apes of Dr. Garner seem to possess articulation, according to his reports, but their vocabulary is extremely limited. As regards this point, however, it can be said that, even among civilized people, very limited vocabularies are found. A French peasant, whose sphere of thought is not very wide, gets along with 600 words, while a philosopher will use twenty times as many. The Old Testament uses only 5,642 words, Shakespeare 15,000 and Voltaire 20,000. In view of this, why should an ape not be satisfied with 20?

BRAIN AND STOMACH.—Two factors are essential for the proper nourishment of the brain—the requisite quantity and quality of food and a healthy condition of the digestive organs. There is a very intimate relation between brain and stomach. They must work harmoniously together if the best results are to be obtained. Brain exhaustion and continuous depressing emotions, worry, and anxiety cause derangements of digestion by retarding the secretion of fluids upon which digestion depends. On the other hand, food in insufficient or in excessive quantities and indigestible food affect the brain by causing sluggishness of thought and diminution of mental vigor. Brain and stomach cannot perform their functions to best advantage simultaneously.

Grains of Gold.

Good men are a public good.

Human laws reach not thoughts.

The more laws the more offenders.

He who buys office must sell justice.

An ill man in office is a public calamity.

Law governs man, and reason the law.

Laws catch flies, but let hornets go free.

Be you ever so high, the law is above you.

Rigid justice is oft the greatest injustice.

The trial is not fair where affection is judge.

The greater the man the greater the crime.

The mob hath many heads but no brains.

Money is the abridgment of human power.

You pretend the public, but you mean yourself.

A deceitful peace is more hurtful than open war.

The worst of law is that one suit breeds twenty.

Justice will not condemn, even the devil, wrongfully.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated.

No one can count up the value of the labor which is both generous and conscientious. Even its money-value can never be calculated.

It is too bad that a poor wretch can be punished for stealing your pocket-handkerchief or gloves, and that no punishment can be inflicted on those who steal your time

Femininities.

Lots of girls will let their mothers select husbands for them, but it's a different story when it comes to selecting the trousseau.

"Has your new cook made any new dishes?"

"No; she has devoted most of her time to breaking them."

Nell: Mr. Sillicus is only an apology for a man.

Belle: Well, wouldn't you accept an apology if it was offered?

Frau Kathi Hoffman, a wealthy widow, has left her fortune to the weavers of Vienna. The charitable lady's husband earned his fortune with the loom.

A phrenological journal says: "In choosing a wife, be governed by her chin." A man is apt to be governed by the same thing after he gets a wife.

A Long Island girl, who had been deaf and dumb for 8 years, had her speech restored by an electric shock, which struck the house in which she was during a recent storm.

"The doctors say that kissing is unhealthy," said the young man to his girl; "what do you think of it?"

"I never had much faith in doctors," she replied.

A Virginia woman, being afraid that she could not remember the respective ages of her large family, kept a bottle for each child, and every birthday dropped a pea in to keep the reckoning.

Fifty good-looking young women, not more than 20 years old, sailed from London on August 23d as free emigrants for Western Australia. They have been carefully selected, and go under Government auspices.

Swift: "Yes, a policeman got after me last night for making so much noise, and when I reached home I was all out of wind."

Roe: "You got it again, I see."

"Oh, yes. My wife blew me up soon after I got there."

John D. Rockefeller is said to have announced to his daughters that none of them would be heiresses, notwithstanding the great wealth of their father. Mr. Rockefeller's purpose is to devote the bulk of his fortune to charitable work.

A young lady from Buffalo, N. Y., who was attending a funeral in Sharon, Pa., rode in the same carriage with an editor of the latter city, and accepted his proposal of marriage, which was performed when they got back from the funeral.

"You must let the baby have one cow's milk to drink every day," said the doctor.

"Very well, if you say so, doctor," said the perplexed young mother, "but I really don't see how he is going to hold it all."

A supposed girl was arrested in Brooklyn, one day lately, for wearing boys' clothes and selling papers, but when taken to the rooms of the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty, the Superintendant was much surprised to find that the prisoner was indeed a boy.

A woman out West was elected mayor of a town. Her husband entered suit for divorce. While the suit was pending he was arrested on a charge of assault and battery. The wife imposed a fine sufficient to pay her lawyer's fees in the divorce suit. Business, wasn't it?

Flossie: "I'm afraid to go to sleep all alone in the dark."

Mamma: "You go right to bed like a good little girl, and remember that God's little angels are with you."

Flossie, ten minutes later: "I can't go to sleep, mamma; one of God's little angels is biting me."

Mrs. Flashey: "I don't believe that Dr. Highprice knows a thing about medicine!"

Mrs. Dashey: "Why?"

Mrs. Flashey: "He told my husband that all I needed was a rest in some quiet country place, when he knew that I was just dying for a trip to Europe."

A woman living in Scotland, and having three children and a sick mother to support, was recently summoned before the Sheriff's Court for neglecting to send her oldest girl, 5 years old, to school. As she was unable to pay the fine she was sent to jail for three days, and on her release tramped 18 miles home to find her mother dying through neglect.

"What have you named your baby, Rastus?" asked a visitor.

"Samuel Pro Tem. Johnson, sah."

"What is the Pro Tem. for?"

"To show dat de name is only temporary, sah. We kind o' thought dat Sam might like to choose his own name when he growed up, sah, so we put Pro Tem. in as a warning to de public."

An English paper says that a young woman of Girton College, England, recently advertised for a classical coach, meaning, of course, a private tutor. After a time she received a letter from a local coach builder, who sent her a pressing invitation to inspect his stock, and offered to build her one in the classical style, adding that he knew exactly the class of article she wanted.

Masculinities.

Bad men always hate the laws that good men try to enforce.

One of the things for which we find most fault with others, is not agreeing with us.

A monument erected to Lincoln in Edinburg, Scotland, is the only memorial of the kind erected on foreign soil.

Professor Garner, who is now in Pittsburg, says he will return to Africa next year to pursue his studies in monkey talk.

In the new $20 counterfeit silver certificate Daniel Manning's mustache has stub ends, instead of curling as in the genuine.

Formerly women were prohibited from marrying until they had spun a set of bed furniture, and hence were entitled spinsters until married.

"There's Biggser, now; would you call him a patient man?" "All depends." "On what?" "Whether he's fishin' or waitin' for his supper."

By offering a year's subscription for the best six ears of corn left at his office the editor of a Western paper is getting his crib filled for nothing.

He: "I wonder when you will be able to set as good a table as my mother does?" She: "By the time you are able to provide as good a table as your father does, my dear?"

Athletic wife: "What a poor-spirited creature you are! I wish you would be either a man or a mouse!" Meek husband: "I wish I was a mouse—I'd frighten you out of your wits!"

Roswell Beardsly, of Tompkins county, N. Y., claims to be the oldest postmaster in the United States. He was appointed by President John Quincy Adams in 1828, and is still in office.

Dr. R. B. Garrett, now of Austin, in whose father's barn at Port Royal, Va., John Wilkes Booth took refuge, is said to be the only man living who saw Lincoln's assassin slain.

A bust of Herod the Great, believed to be authentic, was recently discovered at Jerusalem. It has been bought by the Russian Government for the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg.

Emperor Alexander III has recently founded Xenia Institute for the Education of Women. The Institute when completed, it is said, will be the most extensive and finely equipped in Russia.

Bachelor-friend to old married man: "What would be your answer to the question, 'Is marriage a failure?'" Old married man: "It depends on whether my wife was present when the question was asked."

The King of Corea is suffering from a serious throat disease that would yield to treatment readily enough, it is said, but, as he is regarded as a divine being, no metal instrument may be used upon him.

Cholly, off to college: "Goodby, mamma. I'll write every day, and don't forget to send me some cookies every time you bake." Cholly, returning a year later: "Aw—how do, mother; weally I'm delighted to see you, y'know."

Marshal Bazaine's son has recently returned to France from an unsuccessful trip to Mexico, where he sought to have restored to his mother money confiscated by the Mexican Government. The family is now in abject poverty.

A burglar broke into a man's house in New York the other night, and found himself in a room full of serpents, pets of the owner of the house. The reptiles got after the burglar, who fled in affright, leaving all his tools behind him.

Some recent statistics of Mexico show that there are 7200 schools within the Republic. The land of Mexico is held in feudal tenure by about 7000 families. Patents are issued to all who ask for them, and the Government leaves the question of priority to be fought out in the Courts.

Friend: "One of your clerks tells me you raised his salary and told him to get married, under penalty of discharge." Business man: "Yes; I do that to all my clerks when they get old enough to marry. I don't want any of your independent conceited men around my place."

In his recollections of Disraeli, Lord Dufferin used to relate a characteristic story of the novelist. Meeting Disraeli as he was strolling up hatless from the House of Commons to speak to some colleague in the House of Lords, Lord Dufferin inquired of him if he had read a certain novel, and received the answer: "Oh, I have no time for novel-reading now. Moreover, when I want to read a novel I write it."

"There is a prevailing superstition among hotel men," said one of them recently, "that to close the register brings bad luck to the house. You will find it so in every hotel in the country. And every clerk feels like jumping over the desk and thumping the man who carelessly closes the book. We never close a book until it is filled to the last page. I always place my hand on the book until the man who registers has left the desk. Whenever a man closes the book we have bad luck somewhere in the house."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

There is no actual change in the shape of children's dresses, all variety of appearance being derived from the decoration of them. This is to say that there are jackets, both short and long, as tops of dresses, as well as for the street, very large sleeves to gowns as well as to wraps, smaller sleeves to the plainer gowns and the less dressy wraps, as, for example, those for school and, as a rule, much prettiness of trimming and much gayety of color, except in the very quietest of all the house gowns and of all the garments for ordinary outside wear. Even these show additional effectiveness as compared to those which appeared at this season last year.

An example of a very attractive style shows a misses' costume having a jacket top worn over a blouse waist, which fastens at the back and has a shallow band collar. The jacket curves off about two inches above the waist line and has pointed revers, which reach out somewhat beyond the armhole. The sleeves are high and of the leg-o'-mutton shape, with the wrist close. A belt, pointed on its lower line, adorns the waist. The skirt is gathered on the front and back, and so full as to form rich folds. The entire appearance is very graceful. A sash may be worn in place of a belt, and, as now seen, is formed into a bow at the back, with floating ends.

The gown may be made up in any of the new fall materials, and should show the latest colors, such as the various shades of purple and violet, the bluet or corn-flower blue, the shades of cream and amber now so much worn, and which are now like the tints first mentioned—more worn with contrasting than with matching hues.

Yellow, as an accessory in color, is the rage. Thus, as to the dress described, the blouse waist may be in very fine yellow woolen or in a surah silk of that color, while the gown may be in amber cloth with the revers in purple velvet or satin. Where a belt of the kind shown in this pattern is worn it is in satin or velvet, matching the revers, while as to the sash sometimes chosen in its place, the color is quite independent of harmony, this being one of the singular caprices of the mode as it now exists.

One of the prettiest of the practical dresses, for a girl from 8 to 10 years, which combines ease and comfort, with an attractive jauntiness is made in an indescribably mixed material, showing now green and now yellow on its surface. The bodice is striped with bands of green Bengaline, feather stitched with pale yellow silk, and between each strap the material is tucked into little gathers. Round the waist of this is a band of green ribbon, finishing with two rosette-like bows and long ends. Of course, the style lends itself to be copied in any material or color.

In the sailor knots and bows are the most universal wear. For the former black silks, plain and patterned, are worn, and black silks with a diagonal line in colors, or small figures also in colors, and not too numerous, are coming in again with the approach of autumn. On warm days white silk of sorts is effective enough, but I have seen little of this material during this summer.

Of bows there is an endless variety. The striking patterns of Indian silk bandannas are beyond reproach, but it is advisable to wear only the true Oriental materials, which may easily be distinguished, not only by their colors but by the smooth surface of the silk. The imitation is, as a rule, bad in device, and also has a rough texture with a slightly ribbed surface.

In a quieter way bow ties made of white-spotted silk, black, dark blue or brown are worn. Shepherd's plaid, of various-sized checks, is also inoffensive and cool-looking. Plain or patterned black silk has a very gentlemanly look about it.

The fold-over, the four-in-hand or the hunting scarf is at present rather in abeyance, except with elderly gentlemen, who mostly are satisfied with its made-up imitation. The disfavor in which they seem now to be held is probably a reaction after their ubiquity of a few years back.

Beautiful and practical novelties in the form of detachable collars have been created by leading manufacturers of ladies' neckwear suitable for the rapidly approaching autumnal weather. They are made in soft delicate tints of all fashionable colorings and are seen on almost every toilet in a simplified or more elaborate style.

The utility of complete neck trimmings which can be quickly adjusted to any gown has made them ready sellers among retail merchants. Manufacturers anticipating that the practicability of these articles of fancy lingerie would be readily recognised have produced a variety of different styles to meet the requirements of a popular as well as the finer class of trade.

The collars are composed of a straight or slightly curved lining, overlaid with the material arranged in soft regular or irregular folds. When the collar is fastened in the back it is usually finished with two little frills, or a bow consisting of two single or double outstanding loops ends.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Underclothing.—Among people of limited means there is a popular superstition that frequent changes of underclothing is a gross extravagance. On the contrary, if properly managed, nothing is more economical in all weather than to wear a fresh suit of linen every day. When one walks much it is a matter of sheer necessity to have clean stockings every morning. Nor is anything easier than to rub out a pair of hose in a basin kept for this purpose; with castile soap and two changes of water the job is completed in five minutes, and pinned where they catch a breeze the stockings dry immediately. With half a dozen pair of hose and a determination to be tidy the poorest woman can be as charmingly dainty as a bondholder's wife.

Nor is it impossible to follow this same plan with cambric garments. If left to soak in a lather of soap and water every night and rinsed in the morning, they are as fresh as need be. Of course, they must be thoroughly laundered once a week, and such perfunctory washings only apply where clothes are not actually soiled, but feel sticky and awry. No scrubbing or injury to the hands is necessary, and run through a small mangle they come out smooth and delightfully fresh in feeling.

Each and every one of these suggestions means a saving of money, as clothes from which the perspiration is quickly removed last longer, stockings wear better when frequently changed, and so on.

These self same rules apply to the care of the person. One who rinses her mouth with listerine once a day, who uses a clean, stiff brush freely on her scalp every morning, who never fails to do her exercises before a big plunge bath, is sure to have smaller bills with the doctors and dentists than the woman who neglects such details. None of them are costly or difficult, and they all mean increased beauty, elegance and physical robustness.

Hygienic Face Cleaning.—The girl who takes exquisite care of herself doesn't have a dirty face more than once a month, once a week at most. Travel, house-cleaning and walking in dusty streets soil the skin. Then is the time to give it a good cleaning. A finger tip of cold cream or a teaspoonful of glycerine, water and lemon juice, rubbed in well, should be sufficient emollient for the face and neck; the friction will cause heat, heat will produce perspiration, and when the pores are open the dirt and dust will be forced out. When the towel shows no stains exercise ten or fifteen minutes. Then take a warm bath and go to bed. In the morning take a cold dip, just long enough to wet the body and shock the nerves. After drying use a few handfuls of bay rum, toilet vinegar, bathing whisky or cologne water to tone up and tighten the skin. Take a cup of hot water, tea, coffee or milk and breakfast an hour after. This may not be convenient for all creation, but it is a capital way to clean up.

Grease Spots.—A mixture which is excellent for removing grease spots and stains from carpets and clothing is made of two ounces of ammonia, two ounces of white castile soap, one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of ether. Cut the soap in small pieces and dissolve it in one pint of water over the fire, then add two quarts of water. This should then be mixed with more water, in the proportion of a teacupful to one ordinary sized pail of water. The soiled articles are then washed thoroughly in this. If grease or oil is spilled on a carpet, sprinkle flour or fine meal over the spot as soon as possible; let it remain for several hours, and it will absorb the grease.

Oil Stains.—To remove oil stains from the pages of a book without destroying the printing gently warm the stained part with a hot flat-iron (so as to take out as much of the oil as possible) on blotting-paper, then dip a brush in rectified spirits of turpentine and draw it gently over the sides of the paper, which must be kept warm during the whole process. Repeat the operation as many times as the thickness of the paper may require. When the oil is entirely removed, to restore the paper to its usual whiteness, dip another brush in highly rectified spirits of wine, and draw it in like manner over the stained place, particularly around the edges. By adopting this plan the spots will entirely vanish and the paper assume its ordinary whiteness.

Cease coughing, by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It will cure you at once.

THE FAIR DAMES OF ITALY.—Edmund Yates says that he does not share Byron's love for the women of Italy; on the contrary, he disapproves of them. "I saw perhaps half-a-dozen handsome faces; but the majority had, as Kinglake says 'so grossly neglected the primal duty of looking pretty in this transitory life,' that, after all I had heard, I was greatly disappointed. I have no Byron handy, but think he says something about the 'high-born dame' and her 'brow.' It is this last that, in my poor opinion, minimizes the good looks of the high-born dames. They have not followed the French and English fashions in coiffure, they have not adopted the coquettish curls or fascinating fringe; they resemble the 'Keepsake' beauties of fifty years ago, and show acres of bald uncovered forehead, looking almost indecent and 'veri-shokking.' Their eyes are brilliant, their features mostly regular and refined, and in youth they have pretty figures. Later, they more than incline towards obesity. As for the 'peasant cheek of ruddy bronze' (Byron again), it is pretty much the same throughout Europe. The peasant women of Italy have deep red-bronze complexions and very dirty blue-black hair. The equivalent of the women 'with hands that offer early flowers" on the Rhine (Byron again) is to be found here in the floraje, or flower girls. Flower girls? flower beldames, flower grandmothers! Nice, good-tempered old things, slow at taking 'no' for an answer, slower at taking offence, but wholly destitute of youth or attraction. Their wares are perfectly lovely—tea roses, peonies, lilacs, lilies-of-the-valley, fine in themselves and in great profusion."

A REMARKABLE DOG.—The following peculiar incident is told by a Baltimore man as occurring to his fox terrier: "On last Tuesday, while the cellar door was open, the dog descended in search of rats, at about 9 o'clock. At 9 30 the dog was searched for and thought lost. No further notice was taken in the matter until Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock, when I was attracted by a dog yelping. After a careful search in the cellar, which revealed only a pile of sand by the wall, I noticed the dog's nose protruding through an inch board at the top window of the cellar looking into the yard. I went immediately upstairs and removed five bricks from the pavement and pulled the dog out. After a careful inspection I discovered he had dug under the foundation of the house in the sand, which had caved in on him. Finding no other means of escape he dug up to the surface, a distance of six feet, and on arriving at the brick surface, which had been recently paved, dug toward the window, a distance of three feet, and had nearly eaten through the board in his efforts to free himself. He was nearly exhausted when discovered, being 26 hours under ground. One eye was entirely closed from sand, the other nearly so."

A SUCCESSFUL APPEAL.—A little American girl has just softened the heart of the stern German Emperor in a very pretty way. Every young German man has to serve a certain time as a soldier after his education is completed, and this little girl, who lives in this country, journeyed all the way over the sea to visit a certain "dear uncle," only to find that he was off at the barracks doing his soldier duties. She was greatly disappointed and much distressed, and, as she was told that no one but the Emperor could help her, with true American independence she decided to write to him. She did so, telling him how sorry she felt to find her dear uncle away, and saying that she had often heard of the Emperor's kindness, and was sure, when he knew all about the circumstances, he would arrange for her uncle's return. The letter reached the Emperor, and eventually arrived at the War Office, with instructions attached to it. Eight days after the "dear uncle" was informed that he might either postpone his military duties entirely until next year, or receive permission to spend some days in his native village, the quaint appeal of the trusting little niece having quite won the monarch's heart.

DID HER BEST.—The following story hails from Scotland.

Betsy was tablemaid in the laird's household. The young ladies of the family were anxious to teach her a more correct mode of speech than her native Doric. Among other things they told her not to call ducks "dukes," as she hitherto had done.

About this time the Duke of Rutland was visiting the district, and duly called to pay his respects to the country magnate. Betsy, mindful of her mistress' injunctions, announced the illustrious visitor as "the Duck of Rutland!"

SO SAYS A FRENCH PAPER.—Although English people are almost as well known to Parisians as to Londoners, occasionally a funny story of the traditional hauteur of milords and miladies finds its way into a French newspaper.

One of them stated the other day that a milady had entered a post-office to buy a stamp. Having purchased it, she turned to her maid, who was standing behind her, and made a sign.

The maid at once put out her tongue, over which the milady lightly passed the stamp, and then affixed it to the letter.

Salvation Oil has cured many of rheumatism when other remedies failed. Price 25c.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

For Internal and External Use.

In using medicines to stop pain we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, Ether, Cocaine and Choloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, the patient losing the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it makes the symptons, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produes local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least danger, in either infant or adult.

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

Instantly relieves and soon cures

Sore Throat,	Colds, Coughs,
Inflammation,	Sciatica,
Lumbago,	Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,	Influenza,

Difficult Breathing.

INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all Internal pains.

MALARIA,

Chills and Fever, Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by Radway's Pills, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

50 cts. a Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Always Reliable.
Purely Vegetable.

—THE—

GREAT LIVER AND STOMACH REMEDY

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic.

PERFECTLY TASTELESS.

Over Forty Years in Use and Never Known to Fail.

Possesses properties the most extraordinary in restoring health. They stimulate to healthy action the various organs, the natural conditions of which are so necessary for health, grapple with and neutralize the impurities, driving them completely out of the system.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Have Long Been Acknowledged as the Best Cure for

Sick Headache,
Female Complaints,
Indigestion,
Biliousness,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia,

—AND—

All Disorders of the Liver.

☞ Full printed directions is in each box; 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price.

RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., N. Y.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Quiver" for October presents a liberal variety of excellent Sunday and general reading. The fiction comprises instalments of two serials and three short stories. Other articles include "Parade Services," by Rev. E. J. Hardy; "Drinking at the Brook," by the Dean of Armagh; "Scripture Lessons for the School and Home," "The Gnat and the Blue-bottle," a fable; "The Science of the Soul," "How to Brighten Life," music, "Short Arrows" department, etc. The number is generously illustrated. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.

"The Popular Science Monthly" closes its forty-fifth volume with an issue of marked and varied excellence. Especially seasonable is the opening article on "The Football Situation." Other articles are "The Questioning Age," "American Champagne District," "Some Lessons from Centenarians," "The Half-blood Indian," "West African Folklore," "Barberries," "Funeral Customs of the World," "Poetry and Science" and "Astronomy of the Incas." The editor comments upon the recent suppression of the teaching of evolution in the State University of Texas. New York, D. Appleton and Company.

The complete novel in the October number of "Lippincott's is "A Question of Courage," by Francis Lynde; "Coals of Fire" is a military tale by LeRoy Armstrong, who here shows himself no unworthy follower of Captain King. "At the Little Red House," "A Tragedy of Trade," "An Hour Before Death," "Famous Rivalries of Women," "Telegraphy up to Date," are good articles. Saburo Arai speaks with authority of "Japanese and Chinese Porcelains and Their Imitations." The other contents are equally interesting and valuable. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

HAS EVERY MAN HIS DOUBLE?

Many exciting fictions have turned upon the confusion of two identities through a remarkable resemblance in face and figure. Novelists, in choosing this hinge for their plot, have merely seized upon a frequent phenomenon of fact. So curious are some of the cases belonging to real life that the query at the head of this article may fairly be asked—"Has every man his double?"

Here is a case in which the duplicate was in luck's way:

An impecunious young Austrian was taking a railway journey of some length, and for a large part of the distance had for companion an aged gentleman in deep black. This fellow-traveler seemed at first to have sustained a shock on observing the young man. Then he studied his face with an intense and scarcely disguised interest that puzzled the object. But the mark of sorrow was on the patriarch, and the silent inquisition was not resented. After a while the explanation came.

The old gentleman was on his homeward way from a sad ceremony. He had attempted the funeral of his only son. And by a bewildering coincidence the living youth was almost the exact counterpart in person of the deceased.

The episode seemed to terminate simply enough. But there was a sequel. A large fortune was left by the crushed parent to the young man he had traveled with that dark day, and all because of the resemblance.

***

Traders in these days are particularly sharp. Perhaps the remorseless pressure of competition insures it. They have discovered that the possibility of a celebrity having a duplicate of himself, who is more accessible, may be a boon to some business men—photographers, for example. It was not always easy in the days of Prince Bismarck's leadership to get just the negatives that were desired of the gruff and self-willed Chancellor.

But there happened to be a man in Berlin, in a very humble walk of life, who outwardly was Bismarck over again. The likeness was money in his pocket, and a way of escape from difficulty for unscrupulous portrait sellers. The Chancellor sat in any attitude ordered "by deputy"—an unauthorized deputy; and few who bought the pictures ever guessed that a comical deception was practised upon them.

It is stated that in much the same way a considerable number of spurious photographs of William I., the veteran German Emperor, were at one time selling in the shops of the Fatherland. They had been taken from a made-up duplicate, with the face touched in afterwards from a real likeness.

***

Shams are of many kinds. The playing of a fictitious part upon the basis of a genuine personal resemblance may be done to oblige and help others. The real plotters may be relatives with something to gain.

An odd instance is that of a servant attached to the person of an Italian nobleman, once well known in Southern society. This man was pounced upon much to his own surprise, and claimed as a brother by an individual with property in the care of the courts. He resisted the proffer of relationship.

"I am not your brother," he said.

"Indeed you are."

And such was the evidence of likeness offered that the plain serving-man may well have pinched himself to make sure that he was not in a land of grotesque dreams. However, he could easily bring rebutting testimony from those who had known him many years.

Why should he wish to? said his tempter. There was wealth to share. A joint inheritance was so left that it could only be taken up by both the brothers. One was missing, and this stranger was his double. Why not join in the claim and receive the reward? To do so would immediately benefit the stay-at-home brother, and he would stand by the resemblance through thick and thin. But the bribe was refused by the honest fellow.

***

In manner and in figure, if not also in features, the first Napoleon was quaintly copied in the person of a French statesman of a later day. Louis Adolphe Thiers, in the midst of tall princes and oldiers at the grand receptions at the Elysee, curiously recalled the man who had devastated Europe. The pigmy in the ever-changing group, with the pale face and keen eyes, was declared by competent witnesses to strangely caricature the Emperor with his marshals.

And the third Napoleon had his personal counterpart in the famous showman Van Hare.

***

Singular resemblances have been pointed out in the present House of Commons. There is a worthy baronet on the Conservative side who is marvelously like the late idol of the German Army, Count von Moltke. Mr. Chamberlain finds his double not unnaturally in his own son, Mr. Austen Chamberlain. The Parsee gentleman who represents Central Finsbury has also a more or less accurate and therefore embarrassing English shadow in the face and form of a new member.

It is nothing new. Long ago people gossiped over the queer resemblance of Lord Macaulay to Fox.

It may be the past that is mirrored again. At an exhibition the late Lord Shaftesbury stood casually beneath the portrait of an ancestor. The likeness was so startling that it might have been thought he had stepped down from the canvas. George Eliot's face resembled those of Fielding and Savonarola. Mr. James Payn had recently pointed out that Tennyson's was like Dante's.

By way of intentional payment in kind another writer of to-day has suggested that Mr. Bill Nye, the American humorist, who has honored the old land with a visit, is an amazing duplicate of Mr. James Payn.

An Expeditious Repast.—To our unenlightened eyes, a Tartar breakfast did not seem too appetizing, though we watched its preparation with interest. To begin with, a very dirty copper vessel was put on the fire and filled with some green weed like nettles, barley, flour and water. While one of the men stirred this pottage round and round with a wooden ladle, another produced some raw meat—a bit of the dong I had shot. This he proceeded to tear up into small strips and throw them on the fire, every now and then popping a raw lump into his mouth and masticating it with the greatest apparent gusto. Even the bits on the fire were quickly disposed of after being merely singed. As soon as the pottage was considered ready it was ladled out into little wooden cups, like the whiskey "quaighs" of the Highlands, minus the handles, which every man produced from inside the breast of his dirty woolen coat, and gulped up from them with a prodigious amount of noise. After being replenished again and again until the pot was emptied, the cups were carefully licked clean and re-deposited from whence they had been taken. Another course of flesh was about to be partaken of after the manner of the first, but a regard for my own appetite for breakfast prevented my waiting to see it discussed. These hardy Tartars are quite independent of any other dishes beyond their little wooden bowls. In these they mix their sutto (meal made from barley) with a little water and salt, and make an expeditious repast of it whenever they feel hungry. Indeed, this kind of uncooked porridge seems to be their staple food.

In a Dilemma.—A Highlander needing some matches, not finding any in his cot, was forced to walk five miles to the nearest place where those articles were obtainable. He purchased a box, and, returning home, he attempted to strike some, but failed.

Thereupon he, in anger, walked back again and complained to the shopkeeper, who, taking out a match, struck it upon the leg of his breeks, holding the burning match triumphantly before his complaining customer.

"And wha's going to walk five miles," said the angry Highlander, "to strike this match on your breeks?"

Food.—Bran, middlings and linseed meal are always valuable foods to use, no matter how plentiful other kinds may be.

Princess Tom, of Sitka, is probably the richest woman in Alaska. She is an extensive trader and is known all over that country. She wears thirty gold bracelets made of $20 gold pieces. At one time she had three husbands; but when she became a Christian she gave up two of them.

WORK FOR ALL. $75 a month salary and expenses paid. If you want employment write at once to P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

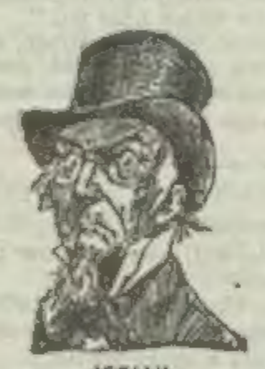
BOOKKEEPING SIMPLIFIED. (WAGGENER'S.) Mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Send for Circular. C. E. DEACON, Publisher, 23 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ELECTRIC TELEPHONE

Sold outright, no rent, no royalty. Adapted to City, Village or Country. Needed in every home, shop, store and office. Greatest convenience and best seller on earth.

Agents make from $5 to $50 per day.

One in a residence means a sale to all the neighbors. Fine instruments, no toys, works anywhere, any distance. Complete, ready for use when shipped. Can be put up by any one, never out of order, no repairing, lasts a life time. Warranted. A money maker. Write **M. P. Harrison & Co., Clerk 10, Columbus, O.**



JOSIAH.

Thousands Sold at $2.50.

NOW OFFERED FREE.

There has been but one book written since MARK TWAIN'S palmy days that has possessed his power to charm by wit, and fascinate by fidelity to nature.

SAMANTHA

THAT LITERARY SENSATION IS

SAMANTHA at SARATOGA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE
(Marietta Holley.)

The book was written under the inspiration of a summer season 'mid the world of fashion at Saratoga, the proudest pleasure resort of America, where Princes of the old world, with Congressmen, Presidents, Millionaires, Railroad Kings, and Princes of Commerce of our own great nation with their wives, their beautiful daughters, and all the gayest butterflies of fashion luxuriate in balmy breezes, display their personal charms, costly jewels, exquisite equipages, and revel in

ALL THE EXTREMES OF FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION.

"JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE," in a vein of strong common sense that is pure and innocent as the prattle of a child, keeps the reader constantly enjoying

An Ever Fresh Feast of Fun.

It takes off follies, flirtations, low-necked dressing, dudes, pug dogs, tobogganing, etc., in the author's inimitable and mirth-provoking style.

The 100 Illustrations by Opper are Just Killing

NEARLY 100,000 SOLD AT $2.50 EACH.

We will send this $2.50 Elegant Cloth Bound richly Illustrated Humorous Book as a premium for TWO yearly subscriptions to The Post at $2.00 each. The Book alone will be sent, postage paid, for $1.50.

Address all orders to—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PATENTS

FOR INVENTIONS.

Equal with the interest of those having claims against the government is that of INVENTORS, who often lose the benefit of valuable inventions because of the incompetency or inattention of the attorneys employed to obtain their patents. Too much care cannot be exercised in employing competent and reliable solicitors to procure patents, for the value of a patent depends greatly, if not entirely, upon the care and skill of the attorney.

With the view of protecting inventors from worthless or careless attorneys, and of seeing that inventions are well protected by valid patents, we have retained counsel expert in patent practice, and therefore are prepared to

Obtain Patents in the United States and all Foreign Countries, Conduct Interferences, Make Special Examinations, Prosecute Rejected Cases, Register Trade-Marks and Copyrights, Render Opinions as to Scope and Validity of Patents, Prosecute and Defend Infringement Suits, Etc., Etc.

If you have an invention on hand send a sketch or photograph thereof, together with a brief description of the important features, and you will be at once advised as to the best course to pursue. Models are seldom necessary. If others are infringing on your rights, or if you are charged with infringement by others, submit the matter to us for a reliable OPINION before acting on the matter.

THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
618 F STREET, NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON, D. C.
P. O. BOX 469. JOHN WEDDERBURN, Managing Attorney.

☞ Cut this out and send it with your inquiry. ☜

Humorous.

A KISS IN THE DARK.

I met her on the stairs one night,
And took her in my arms and kissed her;
And, as she trembled in affright,
I said, "I thought you were my sister!"

'Twas not the one I fancied; she
Had just gone down, and I had missed her,
And this one, laughing, said to me,
"Why, Jack, it's you!" It was my sister!

—U. N. Nonk.

How to serve a dinner—Eat it.

Down in the world—Coal mines.

An auctioneer's epitaph—"Gone."

Made out of hole cloth—Porous plasters.

Call to arms—"Come, John, and take the baby."

Not an artist, but can draw—A mustard plaster.

Why is scooping out a turnip a noisy process? Because it always makes it hollow.

Every person on earth must have some sort of a pet, even if it is nothing better than himself.

Some one says that liquor strengthens the voice. This is a mistake; it only makes the breath strong.

"There," said the captain, as Jonah was thrown overboard, "that's a clear case of prophet and loss."

It is pretty difficult for thieves to go through a big harness shop without leaving some traces behind them.

A college training will do much for a man, but it will not teach him to look for a towel before filling his eyes with soap.

Master: "Now, Pat, if you found a dollar would you try to find the owner?"

Pat: "Faix, no; I am no hog. I'd be satisfied finding the dollar."

"Peduncle is the tenderest-hearted man I ever saw." "Yes?" "I found him in the Art Institute this morning shedding tears over an Egyptian mummy."

We cannot say that our faith in our fellow-men is quite complete until we cease to open our railroad-station ham sandwich to assure ourselves that the ham is really there.

Pater, entering suddenly: "Phur-r-r! What do you mean, sir, by thus embracing my daughter? Ethel, I am surprised!"

Ethel, bravely: "So are we, papa, dear; so are we!"

An artist, being asked: "Is sculpture difficult?" answered: "Why, bless you, no! You have only to take a block of marble and a chisel and knock off all the marble you don't want."

The man who can keep his temper when he attempts to drive his neighbor's chickens out of his garden through the same hole by which they came in need have no fears of Satan.

Magistrate: "The address you gave the police was a wrong one; there is nothing in that locality but a building in process of erection." Prisoner: "Exactly, that's where I usually sleep at nights."

"Algy, dear," she murmured, "I should be happy if I could walk through life hand in hand with you; but—"

"But what, dearest?" he anxiously asked.

"But I should be happier if I could ride."

First student: "Have you telegraphed to the old man for money?" Second student: "Yes." "Got an answer?" "Yes; I telegraphed the old man 'Where is that money I wrote for?' and his answer reads 'In my pocket!'"

"My good woman," said the minister, by way of protest, "it is said that 'those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder'."

"Oh, yes!" she replied; "but you know I was married by a justice of the peace!"

Tom De Witt: "Jack Montague has become totally blind."

Reggy Westend: "Poor old chap. What will he do now?"

Tom de Witt: "He thinks of taking a position as motor-man on a trolley car."

Teacher: "Where do we obtain coal, Freddy?"

Freddy: "From the coal beds, ma'am."

Teacher: "Right! Now, Jimmy, where do we obtain feathers?"

Jimmy: "From the feather beds, ma'am."

Angry parent: "Young man, what were you doing a moment ago with my daughter?"

Edward: "N-o-o-thing, sir, I assure you."

"And what were you doing, Helen?"

Helen: "I was telling him that he must stop right off or I would scream. Indeed I was, papa!"

Book agent: "I'd like to show you this 'Encyclopedia of Universal Knowledge.' It contains all the information a man needs in this life."

Business man, wearily: "I'll take it if it will tell me how to get rid of you."

Book agent, enthusiastically: "You'll take it, then? It gives that information on the very first page; see—'Every man, woman and child should buy this book.'"

"You've Woke Him Up."—A man named George White had the widest possible notoriety as a thief, and had been an inmate of almost every jail throughout New Hampshire.

On one occasion he was arraigned for stealing, before a court over which Judge Sedgwick—who tells the story—presided, and James Sullivan, who was attorney-general, argued the case for the Government.

While the prosecuting counsel was speaking, one of the jury, leaning forward, rested his elbow on his knee and covered his eyes with his hand.

White immediately sprang to his feet, and, addressing the speaker, said—

"You may as well stop, Mr. Sullivan; you have talked one of the jury to sleep."

Sullivan, who was quick and passionate, turned to the dock and exclaimed—

"You thief. Your very forehead bears the letter T., which stamps your character."

He then proceeded to address the prisoner most severely for his frequent offences, not omitting to mention the nine indictments still pending against him at that court.

All present were greatly excited at the scene, but White stood unmoved as marble through the biting reproof, and when it was finished, quietly remarked—

"You may proceed with your argument, Mr. Sullivan; you've woke him up."

The audience roared with laughter, and Judge Sedgwick often said that he never in all his life found it so difficult to maintain the dignity of his judicial station as he did then.

Couldn't do It.—The Groom: "Now, I've got a great scheme. If we quarrel pretty openly people will never know that we are just married."

The Bride: "Oh, Charlie, I couldn't do such a thing on the very day we're married. You must wait a little while."

The Groom: "Come, don't be silly. It won't mean anything to us, and they'll think we've been married a long time."

The Bride: "I simply can't do it, dear."

The Groom: "Oh, yes, you can. Call me a brute or something. They're looking at us now and smiling."

The Bride: "If you really loved me you wouldn't ask me to do such a thing."

The Groom: "Of course, if you want everybody to know, I daresay I can stand it."

The Bride: "It's horrid of you to talk that way, and on our wedding-day, too!"

The Groom: "That's right, be mean about it and make a goose of yourself."

The Bride: "You're a hateful beast, and I wish I'd never married you—I do! I've a good mind to go straight back home."

A Long-felt Need.—The exchange of wedding presents has become a regular branch of trade in some parts, with the view of relieving brides and bridegrooms of a shoal of duplicates, in the shape of biscuit-boxes, butter-dishes, and other favorite gifts. The exchanger carefully scans the list of presents generally published at any marriage of importance, and when the newly-married pair have settled down in their home he one day calls on the bride, and in the most diplomatic manner proposes either to buy her duplicate gifts or exchange them for something more useful. He generally departs with some good bargains, and afterwards retails them at a cheap rate to persons intending to make wedding presents themselves.

JUMPING BEANS They hop, skip, jump, dance, turn somersaults almost incessantly from August to May. Wonderful product of a Foreign Tree. Greatest curiosity to draw crowds wherever shown, on streets, in SHOP WINDOWS, etc. Just imported. Everybody wants one. Full history of Tree and sample JUMPING BEAN to Agents or Streetmen 25 CENTS, postpaid. 3, 60c.; 6, $1; 12, $1.50; 100, $10. Rush order and be first. Sell quantities to your merchants for window attractions and then sell to others. Quick Sales. Try 100. Big Money. AGENTS' HERALD, No. 1319 J. St., PHILA., PA.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artistes IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG, ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES, and Manufacturers of Every Description of Ornamental Hair for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.
I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.
Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

Gentlemen's Hair Cutting and Shaving. Ladies' and Children's Hair Cutting. None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

DEXTER SHOE CO., Inc'p. Capital, $1,000,000. BEST $1.50 SHOE IN THE WORLD.
"A dollar saved is a dollar earned."
This Ladies' Solid French Dongola Kid Button Boot delivered free anywhere in the U.S., on receipt of Cash, Money Order, or Postal Note for $1.50. Equals every way the boots sold in all retail stores for $2.50. We make this boot ourselves, therefore we *guarantee the fit, style and wear*, and if any one is not satisfied we will refund the money or send another pair. Opera Toe or Common Sense, widths C, D, E, & EE, sizes 1 to 8 and half sizes. *Send your size; we will fit you.* Illustrated Catalogue FREE

DEXTER SHOE CO., 143 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.
Special terms to Dealers.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Pub. Chicago, Ill.

Reading Railroad.

Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinders.

On and after September 11, 1894.

Trains Leave Reading Terminal, Philada.

Buffalo Day Express Parlor and Dining Car Chicago Express (Sleeper) daily Buffalo Express (Sleeper) daily	daily 9.00 a m 9.45 p m	1.30 2.30 3.30 4.30
Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars)	w'k d's 8.35, a m, 4.00 p m	10.00
Williamsport Night Exp. (Sleeper)	daily 11.30 p m.	

FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.30 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 8.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 8.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamo in Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m., 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot: week-days—Express, 6.20, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 5.30, 7.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.55 a m, 5.05 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m. Sundays, 8.35 a m, 4.35 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 20 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 362 Market street and at stations.

Union Transfer Company will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences.

I. A. SWEIGARD, General Superintendent. C. G. HANCOCK, General Passenger Agent.

IF YOU WANT INFORMATION ABOUT

PENSIONS

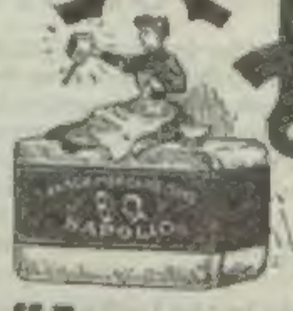
Address a letter or postal card to
THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY,
JOHN WEDDERBURN, - - Managing Attorney,
P. O. Box 463. WASHINGTON, D. C.

PENSIONS PROCURED FOR
SOLDIERS, WIDOWS,
CHILDREN, PARENTS.

Also, for Soldiers and Sailors disabled in the line of duty in the **regular** Army or Navy **since** the war. Survivors of the Indian wars of 1832 to 1842, and their widows, **now** entitled. Old and rejected claims a specialty. Thousands entitled to higher rates. Send for new laws. No charge for advice. No fee until successful.

MAGIC LANTERNS
AND VIEWS.
For Public Lectures, School, Church or Home.
WORLD'S FAIR
and other interesting subjects. Send 3c. stamp for Catalogue.
J. W. MARCY SCIOPTICON CO.,
1008 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Strange indeed that



A PLAIN THING
like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked". Try it in your next house-cleaning

COPYRIGHT

What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.